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The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 95. [PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY.] WEEK ENDING AUGUST 27TH, 1910. ONE PENNY.

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

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No. 95. WEEK ENDING AUGUST 27TH, 1910. ONE PENNY.

SEA-SICKNESS PREVENTIVES.

HINTS ON AVOIDING AND CURING A MOST UNPLEASANT MALADY.

There is no absolute preventive of sea-sickness, anyway none of that kind of mal-de-mer which is mainly stomachic. If a man has been leading an unhealthy life and goes on board ship in a thoroughly bilious state, he is bound to be ill, and the more sick he is the better for him.

In many cases, however, sea-sickness is not so much stomachic as nervous, and this can often be warded off.

I remember the veteran captain of an Atlantic liner telling me that as the result of forty years' experience he had found the best preventive of sea-sickness is a small bottle of good champagne, taken preferably as soon as the ship leaves the shore or on the approach of unpleasant symptoms.

Spirits or malt liquors, on the other hand, are bad.

Next to the "bubbly wine," the old skipper recommended an orange or a slice of pineapple eaten slowly.

Personally, from some experience of the sea, I believe strongly in having a good meal as soon as possible after one goes on board. While some unfortunates collapse the moment the screw begins to revolve, the average man can "hold out" for half an hour, and a good, square meal during that time may avert disaster.

On the other hand, I am sure that it is a mistake to have a heavy meal on shore just before going on board, for that means that you will be subjected to unfamiliar motion, smells, and noises, while your meal is still undigested, to say nothing of the excitement and bustle of getting off, helping to upset little Mary."

In severe cases of sea-sickness, a hot water bottle or anything warm applied to the head will often give relief, for it brings back to the head the blood which is driven from it by sea-sickness, and the continued absence of which prolongs the malady.

As regards general principles, keep as much in the open as possible, but avoid the bows of the ship, as the motion is felt more there than anywhere else.

Remain on the upper deck unless you are absolutely forced by rough weather to go below, and be careful to take up such a position that you will not have before you a row of other sufferers from *mal-de-mer* or the sight of them will make you ill by sympathy.

Avoid looking down or at the water, and if you feel you are going to be ill, make for the leeward side of the ship—*i.e.*, the side away from the wind.

C. JORDAN.

CHEEK.

Mr. Justice Jelf is the son of the Countess Schlippenbach. But we are glad to say that he himself shows no signs of backsliding.

* * *

Says "M.A.P.": "America is an extraordinary hotch-potch of races." A kind of stewed stake, we presume.

* * *

Mr. Arnold Goldsworthy observes: "At present if a man stays out late at night he has only his wife to reckon with." But in counting up the cost next morning he generally reckons with a head that is nearly splitting.

* * *

Thus Mr. Arthur W. Walker: "The great point in all physical exercises is to know where to leave off." But not in boxing if you are hammering your man.

* * *

Sir Robert Baden-Powell remarks: "There is no snobbishness among boys." But, strangely enough, there is a lot of puerility among snobs.

* * *

Mr. Henry Leach advises golfers to "Try addressing the ball a little nearer to the heel of the club than what seems to be the middle of it." And, as far as is humanly possible, try to address it politely.

* * *

The editor of "Answers" moralises: "What untold ages it takes to kill some lies!" But it's the lies, and not the ages, that should be untold.

* * *

"The crowd of average men increases," says Mr. Middlebrook, M.P., "and the competition for success among the average goes on, but there is always room at the top." That is why cricket is such excellent training. It makes you keen on heading the averages.

* * *

Mr. Dave Carter sings a song called "If I had the world to give you." Perhaps he may one of these days—if variety salaries go on increasing as they are now.

* * *

A writer observes: "In dreams we talk fluently in strange languages." Especially when we dream that we have just broken our favourite driver.

* * *

Miss Roberta Douglas says that "A love of variety is characteristic of human beings." Wilkie Bard, George Robey, and Co. cordially agree.

* * *

Mr. Hugh de Selincourt writes on "The Spirit of the Loch." We know it to be very popular in Fleet Street—especially when qualified with a little soda.

* * *

To the Boy Scouts Mr. Lloyd George writes: "Better death than shame." Publicans are interestedly conjecturing what form of suicide the Chancellor intends to adopt.

J. S. COX.

MUSINGS ON THE MARCH.

BY ONE OF THE RANK AND FILE.

"Quick March!" With a crash the drums give the time.

The battalion swings out into the road, and the ten-mile march is begun.

Soon the town is left behind, and we are moving with a steady swinging pace across the country. Our lungs are filled with the pure, sweet air. We are marching "at ease"; pipes are aglow, jokes and stories are passed in exchange, snatches of song enliven the way, jolly spirits prevail.

I don't like all this talk about a discontented Army. It is all nonsense. The Army is not discontented. Grumblers there are—a few with genuine grievances, but the majority are afflicted with touchy tempers, over-sensitiveness, and exaggerated notions about their private rights.

It is a mistake to suppose that *their* hot arguments and croaking complaints fairly represent the tone and temper of the rank and file. To think so is a libel on the better-hearted men who accept the Service conditions of life with such careless grace as do my companions of the morning's march.

I don't say the conditions are perfect, they are not; but every year improvements are made, and soldiering was never so nearly ideal as it is to-day. The Army is a huge machine, and something more than a stroke of the pen is needed to ensure its smooth working. Old customs die slowly, and reforms are hard to bring about, but with patient labour they do come, and they deserve a hearty recognition.

North, South, East, and West I have gone with the Colours. Some of the marches have been weary, too, but the old flag thrills me still. The "Advantages of the Army" are as real to me now as they were when, in a village post-office, a flaming Army poster won me for the ranks.

I left a little cottage home in a very obscure village. The parish boundary was life's horizon, and I knew nothing of the great world beyond. One day I stepped over the frontier to follow the flag, and it has led me into many strange lands, and amongst men of strange speech and customs, and my heart is bigger for such contact with my brother-men.

The glittering life of the East, the lonely outpost of Empire, the rolling prairies of the West, and the snow-capped mountain range, have all helped me to larger views of life, and I would not exchange my first-hand knowledge of these things for a university education.

Can I complain when the flag has helped me on to this?

I'm one of the rank and file; that's all; but in the development of those qualities of which good soldiers are made I am fully occupied, and I have no time for grumbling. I'm proud of the old flag. I don't want to be a "King's bad bargain." I don't want the flag to be ashamed of me, I won't whine and complain.

N. FOXBRIDGE.

CAPTAIN KENDALL OVERSTEPS THE MARK

AN INDICTMENT OF AMATEUR JOURNALISTS IN GENERAL AND OF ONE IN PARTICULAR.

The amateur journalist is a modern development.

Twenty years ago sportsmen would have been aghast at the idea of a cricketer or a footballer describing in the Press matches in which he takes part, and publicly criticising not only his opponents, but his own comrades.

Nowadays, however, everybody turns journalist on the least provocation.

Notorious criminals, and even their wives, write their memoirs, famous pugilists are as ready with their fountain-pens as with their fists, and people in general who achieve any sort of fame or notoriety immediately turn to autobiography.

There has, indeed, been a great mortality in trumpeters of late years.

The latest addition to the ranks of amateur journalists is, of course, Captain Kendall, master of the ss. Montrose, on which "Dr." H. H. Crippen, accused of the murder of his wife, fled to Canada, only to be arrested at his journey's end.

"ALONE I DID IT."

No doubt Captain Kendall showed acumen, judgment, and tact in his discovery of and dealings with Crippen and Miss Le Neve; but it seems a pity that, having done his duty in notifying the proper authorities of his suspicions, he did not let it go at that, and relapse into that dignified reticence which certainly used to be characteristic of the British master mariner.

In Captain Kendall's exclusive dispatches to a morning paper there is a cockawhoop ring, a sort of "alone-I-did-it" note.

Captain Kendall's personality, however, is his own affair, and whether his owners approve or disapprove of his behaviour is equally their business.

The public, however, are concerned with Captain Kendall to this extent: passengers on a ship are entitled to the master's undivided attention, and if he embarks on work outside his proper sphere it is surely difficult for him to do his duty by them.

No doubt Captain Kendall wrote his dispatches in his leisure time, but while at sea a shipmaster is never really off duty. Journalism is no part of a shipmaster's duties, and Captain Kendall seems to have given to private business time which belonged to his owners and his passengers.

A QUESTION OF PUBLIC INTEREST.

His action is only to be justified on the ground that it was in the interests of the public, but was it?

Crippen has been likened to a man in a glass cage, and the simile is apt, but what useful purpose has been served by exhibiting this hunted man and his companion?

The details given of their behaviour seem to appeal only to a not very elevated curiosity.

Moreover, Crippen has yet to be found guilty. Captain Kendall has made statements against him which are undoubtedly to his prejudice.

Unless we have reversed our former notions of justice, we are bound for the present to assume his innocence. He has been arrested, but it is for the law to *prove* him guilty.

Captain Kendall has described Crippen's nervousness, and his reading of detective stories; he has given us an idea of Crippen as a guilty fugitive, weighed down by a terrible secret. Is that fair?

Crippen's demeanour may have an important bearing on the establishment of his guilt or innocence, but surely evidence of it should have been reserved for the police-court, and not published in the Press to the accused's detriment. Captain Kendall has made statements behind Crippen's back. An accused man is entitled to hear all evidence against him, to have it given on oath, and to cross-examine the witness.

PREMATURE EVIDENCE.

Captain Kendall's evidence has not yet been given on oath, and when he gave it to the world Crippen had no chance of hearing it or cross-examining on it.

Then what right had Captain Kendall to make a newspaper story of the doings of Crippen and Miss Le Neve?

It may be said that the circumstances were unusual, but in what way did they deprive the hunted couple of their rights as ordinary passengers—rights which may be presumed to exclude prying and spying upon by the ship's officers, and making publicly known the private doings of private individuals?

If shipmasters are to be allowed publicly to criticise their passengers and to reveal their private lives, then a new discomfort has been added to ocean travel.

The relations between the captain of a ship and his passengers are to a great extent those of host and guest,

UNDUE INFLUENCE.

Crippen and Le Neve were not Captain Kendall's prisoners, he held no proof of their guilt, even of their identity. He had a right to say, I believe these are the people wanted by the police, therefore I must watch them, lest they attempt suicide. He had a right to search for incriminating evidence so long as he did not interfere with their liberty. But he had no right to disclose, except to the proper authorities, information thus gained, or to make *ex parte* statements against people while they were still at liberty enjoying the rights of ordinary individuals.

Where are twelve good men and true to be found who have not been more or less influenced against Crippen and his companion by the publicity given to their slightest actions, and the unfavourable construction placed upon them?

Then there was the risk of Crippen's discovering that he was known—a remote chance, but it existed. Captain Kendall was bound to communicate with the authorities and to answer any messages sent by them, but when he became a newspaper correspondent he greatly and needlessly increased the chance of something leaking out.

Had Crippen discovered that he was suspected and committed suicide, Captain Kendall's amateur journalism would probably have been to blame.

Amateur scribes compete unfairly with professional journalists, at least when they use information which comes to them in their official capacity, and is not accessible to ordinary journalists.

Solely by virtue of his official position Captain Kendall had what newspaper men call a "scoop."

He might have kept his knowledge to himself as an official secret until required by proper authority to disclose it—his knowledge that is, of the fugitives' actions and behaviour, for, of course, he was bound to communicate his suspicions to the police.

Or he might have given his "story" to the first reporter enterprising enough to tackle him for it.

AN UNSAVOURY AFFAIR.

Instead, for his private ends, he became his own reporter, robbed newspaper men of work, and acted unfairly towards a man who has yet to be proved guilty.

The whole affair is unsavoury. The public recital of the doings of Crippen and Le Neve, the endearments that passed between them, what they ate and what they read, Captain Kendall's boasting of how he tricked Crippen into showing his false teeth, all this is indecent, contrary to the good feeling we have been taught to expect from a British sailor, contrary to our time-honoured principles of fairplay.

A man over whom hangs the shadow of a shameful death should not be turned into a show. Inspector Dew, who, no doubt, is full of good "copy," has behaved, and will continue to behave, with dignity and restraint. Captain Kendall——.

And, by the way, since when has the master of a merchant vessel been entitled officially to sign himself "Commander"?

R. C. CHATTERTON.

HYSTERIA IN SPORT.

Some years ago, in a Test Match at Manchester, things were going against the English eleven. But when things were at their blackest, a well-known amateur batsman went in and slogged to such purpose that the game was pulled out of the fire.

Then a strange scene was witnessed. Men uttered such weird shrieks of joy as had never been heard under similar circumstances before, and women wept openly.

A good many papers spoke almost proudly of the "wild scenes of enthusiasm"; but there was one wiser organ which pointed somewhat ominously to an exhibition which it rightly described as painfully hysterical. This is only one of many instances. A certain section of the sporting public is developing a hysteria which should be speedily stamped out.

MASCULINE ORDEALS.

You are reclining in your easy chair, rejoicing in a lazy holiday, when your best friend routs you out.

His sisters have come to town for one day's shopping, and he simply must attend to some important business. Will you be a pal and take them round? You don't want to, but you can't refuse.

So you spend a dreary afternoon piloting two or three shy girls along streets of shops, each one of which is more uninteresting than the other. You are heartily glad when it is over.

Another masculine bugbear is the garden party. The reason of its unpleasantness to men is probably the necessity of their being on their best behaviour; and to a great many of us this becomes more than a little irksome after a time.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE IRRESPONSIBLES

By F. PROCTOR WATSON.

When I ask for Belsay at the Power Station office everyone moves quickly. "Gentleman to see Mr. Belsay," runs along telephones or is conveyed by word of mouth echoing along generously-designed passages above the boom of the whizzing electric drums.

Finally, I am ushered into the presence of the brilliant young man who controls several hundred men, and is responsible for one of the biggest power stations in the world. Yet Belsay was one of "The Irresponsibles" in the old days—and I was the other.

When those who were in authority over us became sick of our utter refusal to take life seriously, they gave five pounds apiece to Belsay and me, and recommended Hades.

Thus you figure Belsay and myself, two young men within a year or so of the age of majority, utterly adrift in the world, and looking for work in a Northern town. I remember Belsay sitting on the canal-bridge smoking a careless cigarette in the sunlight of the early afternoon and reviewing our prospects. An excursion train that had taken five hours to do the journey had just shot us out, luggage and all, on to the platform of the adjacent Central Station. And the authority of Leatheropolis came into collision with us immediately in the person of the heaviest policeman in England.

Disregarding Belsay's sudden query as to whether the bridge was licensed to bear traction engines, the representative of law ordered us to move on.

Belsay held up his hand.

"My dear chap," said he. "Did you ever hear of the gentleman, celebrated in classics, who, determined on conquering a country, burned his boats behind him?"

"They must ha' been made here," said the Policeman, who had the native's contempt for the industry of his own city.

"I said boats—ships—not boots. . . . Well, did you ever hear of it?"

"No," said the Law.

"Then you'll *see* it now," said Belsay, "for that's what I'm going to do."

"They far down the canal?" asked the Policeman with sleuth-hound air.

Belsay looked at him and smothered a laugh.

"I can see you take me for a holder of a fire-insurance policy," he said. "No. This is what I mean, Robert."

He took the return half of his excursion ticket, tore it into small pieces, and dropped it into the canal. I did the same with mine. It was a great moment.

"We will never go back!" exclaimed Belsay, dramatically.

And then to the Law:

"Thanks so much for the use of your nice bridge. Good afternoon."

The constable lingered on our heels for a step or two, but being a ratepayer himself, he probably came to the conclusion that the madhouse or the workhouse infirmary was full enough—and let us go.

We had walked some way with our hand-bags when it occurred to Belsay that we should have to sleep somewhere.

"What about digs?" said he suddenly.

"We must buy a local paper," said I, "and search the advertisement columns——."

"Yes," said Belsay with contempt, "I know the sort of thing. 'Home comforts for two young gentlemen engaged in business——'"

"Well, what's the matter with that?"

"The home comforts. I've just had some. No. There's only one way to get satisfactory digs.——"

"And that——?"

"*This*, my dear man. Hold my bag."

I saw Belsay run across the street and accost a hatless young man, who with pencil behind his ear, was striding swiftly into the side-door of the post-office. I saw them engaged in animated conversation for the space of a couple of minutes. Then I thought it was my turn to take a hand. I walked up bearing the two bags.

"This," said Belsay, "is my friend, Mr. Jones. . . . It's a funny thing, but we met his sister at Blackpool. . . . *You* must remember her."

I knew the method of Belsay.

"Why, yes," said I. "A pretty girl, rather—er——"

"Fair" said Mr. Jones.

"Blue eyes," I hazarded, "and just a nice height."

"Now that's funny!" said Mr. Jones heartily.

"If you come round to the address on that card, I can persuade the old girl to fix you up all right," he added to Belsay. "Ta-ta for the present."

He took the six steps in two leaps and was gone into a room, the door of which was marked "Telegraph Clerks. Private."

"You blighter!" I said to Belsay. "You nearly let me in for it properly."

"It was our only chance of getting really comfortable digs," said Belsay. "Get an old lodger to take a personal interest in you—to introduce you as one of his friends—and you're safe."

"But the principle," I protested.

"Is thoroughly reliable," said Belsay. "If you want a good mount, make pals with the head stableman. If you are mad enough to want to marry a girl, pay assiduous attention to her mother first. But most certainly when you require good diggings, pal up with a telegraph clerk. They are shifted from place to place, and excellent is the boarding-house that enjoys the continued patronage of the fraternity. Collectively, they know something."

Looking into the past I see these two irresponsible young men again. I see them with half-crowns that they should have accounted precious buying quarter-pounds of expensive smoking mixtures. I see them prone on the grass of a magnificent marsh flying through space in the moon-ward spheres of H. G. Wells.

At other times they are sweltering on Indian plains with Ortheris, Mulvaney, and Learoyd, scoring off admirals and post-captains with Mr. Hinchcliffe. And, again, serving Queen Flavia, exchanging jokes with gruff old Colonel Sapt and gay Fritz von Tarlenheim, or perchance fighting brilliant duels with that debonnair young villain Rupert of Hentzau. . . . All these joys by the beneficence of the local free library and by reason of the carefully-cultivated acquaintance of a ratepayer who acted as guarantor for those two young men.

Then—they had come down to their last sovereign—it suddenly occurred to them to look for work.

Belsay launched forth first. I came home one afternoon to find the man I had left sleeping the sleep of the utterly unworthy, writing to the dictation of Jones, the Government official.

"A man has advertised in the paper," said Belsay, "for a clerk, and I think it is time I did something. I can write shorthand, type, and keep accounts. . . . 'Wanted by Monday next,'" he concluded. "Well, boy, our holiday is at an end. I must bow to our social system. Requiring as I do bread——"

"And beer and tobacco and cigarettes," I put in.

"Don't be coarse. Requiring, as I do, bread, it behoves me to inscribe accounts for this man who is fortunate enough to be unable to do without me——"

"Assistance," I corrected.

"In the person of E. J. Belsay, then," he compromised.

"Mrs. V.," he added to our landlady, "next Monday I must be called at 7.30."

Of course, you, reading, will laugh at this. You will call Belsay stupid, childish, or cocksure.

He was none of these things. *Anyone* could have sighed and trembled until the days went by and he received a note stating that the position he applied for was filled. But that was not Belsay's way; not the way of the great-minded. In fact, Belsay was just splendidly surprised when, by post, he received the sort of note to which I refer.

"Boy," he said, when he had opened it leisurely. "They don't want me!"

I am afraid I was not impressed.

"But I can do all that was required," said he, in injured tones. "Everything."

"Clerks," said I, "are ten a penny. Anyone can typewrite and do shorthand. Some infinitely more methodical Board-school boy has probably whacked you pointless, weighing in with a knowledge of French and German. . . . I'm afraid," I added weakly, "that we shall have to go back."

"It would humiliate me for ever!" said Belsay.

"It is unpleasant," I agreed with him, "to go back to the paternal roof after you have been chucked out."

"But I don't mean that," said Belsay, with contempt. "Fancy going over the canal bridge again with our portmanteaux, same as we came—and meeting that policeman!"

So we decided to try again. Jones, who for some reason genuinely liked us, almost wept because we had no "real methodical training" behind us.

"But I was six years at a good school," said Belsay, "where Cabinet Ministers' sons are educated."

"If you only knew how to plane a board level," Jones sighed, "I should have some prospect of keepin' the best digs-pals I was ever in a triple-bedded room with."

Belsay thought deeply for a moment.

"You're right," said he. "Jones—I shall give up all ideas of being a clerk."

"P'raps you can do a bit o' carpentering. P'rhaps they taught you that? They did at my school. I used to fairly love dove-tailin'." There was hope in Mr. Jones's tone.

"I was pretty good at Greek," said Belsay with much bitterness.

For a moment the hero was cast down. Half an hour later, however, he returned from a walk.

"Come on," he said breathlessly, "I've found a job for both of us. Don't wait for explanations—come on."

He piloted me by tram and side-turnings, swiftly, to a very new mansion which still resounded to woodpecker-like tappings.

Outside was chalked on a blackboard (by the contractor's foreman): "Two electrical-fitters wanted immediately."

Before I could protest, Belsay had persuasively hurried me into the presence of a little man upon whose aggressive eyebrows hats, as Belsay said afterwards, might have been hung.

He was, fortunately, a man of few words.

"If you're as handy as you look you'll do," he growled. "There's the foreman. He'll tell you your job."

The foreman, a fat and pleasant man

(strangely enough), conducted us to a tessellated hall.

"First of all, hang these dozen lamps," he said, handing us the necessary fittings, tools, and appurtenances.

Belsay mentally sized him up.

"Look here," he said, in that frank, taking way of his that has won him step after step up the ladder of success, "we neither of us know the first thing about the job!"

"Good heavens!" said the foreman, "but you're cool customers."

He surveyed us severely, but finally it was Belsay's diplomacy that conquered.

"Nice stew the boss will be in," said he, "if you go and tell him you engaged us without asking us whether we had had any experience——"

"But this job's so—elementary," said the foreman, sadly. "An apprentice would be able to do it at a push. I never thought ——"

"Of course not. That's just it."

In Belsay's voice rang all the scorn of the employer, *not* the employee.

"You seem to have made a bit of a mess of things," he concluded, after some thought. "There's only one way to settle the business."

"What's that?" asked the foreman, miserably.

"Well, we're paid sevenpence an hour, aren't we? We'll give you back twopence an hour for the first month—and you just show us. See? I'll guarantee to be as slick as any other fitter in that time."

"Right," said the foreman.

And that is how Belsay, the Irresponsible, took upon himself his first responsibility.

Fate decreed another life for me, but when the contractor's men were sacked on *that* job, the one electric fitter they kept on for a permanency was—Belsay.

BOXING VERSUS FIGHTING.

It is a well-recognised fact among those who know, that boxing and fighting are two different things. It will often happen that a man who is what is called a really sweet boxer in the gymnasium will go out, get mixed up with some lout in a street brawl, and go home badly damaged.

That is because he has met a man who has not boxed but *fought* with him. In a gymnasium, with a referee shouting 'Break away, there!" at every "clinch," he would probably have scored all along the line against his loutish adversary on points; but in an actual fight, somehow, all his skill seemed to fail him, and he felt blow after blow rained in on him, while he could do next to nothing.

This is because nowadays boxing has been turned into the cult of "fencing with fists." A brush with your glove on your adversary's nose, and you have scored a point. Not enough attention is paid to the ability to plant really punishing blows.

But on the other hand, the man who combines clever boxing with powerful hitting is singularly enviable. He will beat more people than will beat him. In the recent Jeffries-Johnson contest the white man went down because, whereas he was purely a *fighter*, the nigger was a fighter and a boxer as well.

A HANDKERCHIEF HINT.

When a man's washing bill comes home to him, he will often be unpleasantly surprised at its heavy proportions; and will carefully consider the different items. Shirts? Fairly reasonable. Collars? Not overcharged for. Socks? Quite moderate; and so on. But when he comes to the handkerchiefs he notices that they are responsible for an undue proportion of his bill. That is because he uses so many. But why not wash them himself? The betting is that he hardly soils them at all; so that a rub in hot water in his wash-basin at night, and subsequent suspension over the towel-horse will leave them as clean as a new pin on the following morning.

THE TREND OF THE DRAMA

SOME THEATRE REFORMS WE MUST HAVE.

To all who take even the most trivial interest in things theatrical it must be apparent that the drama of the present day is distinctly under a cloud. The theatrical impresario who manages to keep a play running as long as three months has reason to congratulate himself, especially if the production has been playing to moderately full houses. At least four well-known West-End theatres are tenanted only for a month or two in every year. There is no doubt whatever about the fact that legitimate theatrical business is very bad indeed.

On the other hand "variety"—or *anglice* the music-hall business—is flourishing. Big "combines," with capital amounting to millions of pounds, are being formed to exploit talent all over the world; and immense "Empires," "Palaces," "Hippodromes," and so forth are springing up all around us.

WANTED, THE SANE PLAY.

What is the meaning of this only too apparent decline of the drama, and the proportionate "boom" in the music-hall world? The reason is not far to seek.

What we want nowadays, but what we do not get, is the sane play. By this we mean, the play in which the interest is sustained throughout by the sheer power of a strong wholesome plot. But somehow or other, playwrights of to-day either are unable or deem it *infra dig* to provide us with plays of this kind. The dramatic fare that is put before us month after month is a miserable combination of flashy wit and hysterical decadence. It appeals rather to the degenerate few than to the sane-minded many.

In the old days, when legitimate stage-plays were in their prime, people went over and over again to see the same piece, and enjoyed it more and more at each visit. But now playgoers only witness each new play once. They do not wish to see it again.

One very significant reason for this state of affairs is that we have only a limited number of first-class actors and actresses, and these are forced by their respective managers to be specialists each in one particular type of part.

THE MONOTONOUS "PROBLEM."

One man, perhaps, makes a hit as a "gentleman cracksman." Well and good. A "gentleman cracksman" he must be until the end of his career. He may plead to be given a chance of showing his versatility in other types of characters, but with no avail. An actress, again, may have made a hit in the part of a neurotic woman with wanton instincts which she represses with difficulty. This, then, is the sort of part that simply has to be written for her in every successive play that is produced by her manager.

Thus it is that all our new West-End plays partake of the same character; and that character is a monotonously unsavoury one. And as the playgoing public, as a whole, is still, happily, a sane-minded one, this is the chief cause of the decline of the theatre.

If we flee from the "problem play," the "gentleman cracksman" play, or the vapidly vulgar farcical play, the only form of theatrical entertainment that is left to us is the musical comedy. And here all we get is indifferent singing, a certain amount of tolerable dancing, and soulless music that is all too "reminiscent" of older and better compositions. And if you have seen one musical comedy you have to all intents and purposes seen them all.

The only remedy that appears to offer itself is the expedient of dramatising strong novels that are free from undesirable elements; and one instance of the success of the new move is the success of "The Speckled Band," the well-known "Sherlock Holmes" story that was recently produced at the Adelphi Theatre.

The glorification of crime, even though it be embodied in an immaculately-attired person of engaging manners, is undesirable and has had its day. The justification of a married woman who intrigues with a well-groomed and persuasively eloquent *jeune premier* is at first tiresome and afterwards frankly nauseating. The elimination of these will give the English drama another chance.

J. STEPHEN COX.

MAKING A BOWLING-GREEN.

GREAT CARE IS REQUIRED.

For the full enjoyment of the game of bowls, the green must be perfectly level and laid with the utmost care, for otherwise good play is impossible.

The length of a bowling-green should be not less than 112 feet within the ditches. The foundation of the green should be twenty-six inches under the surface of the banks, for when the green is finished, the banks will probably be sixteen inches above the ditches. This is because in preparing the green you first of all remove ten inches of the soil. How the "bed" of the green is made up depends on circumstances.

If your green is on garden ground it will probably be subject to the ravages of worms, in which case it is a good plan to begin with a one-inch layer of engine ash, which will pretty effectually choke off ambitious worms anxious to see daylight—I don't know whether worms can see but that doesn't matter much.

Next come four inches of stone shivers packed with more engine ash. The bed must now be rolled and levelled with a spirit level.

Next comes an inch of mould and sand, then one and a half inches of fine sand.

The bed is now ready for its covering of turf, two and a half inches thick, thus making up the ten inches of soil removed.

The turf should be laid from the centre of the ground, each turf being laid diamond ways and tested with the spirit level.

The ditches should be lined on the side next the turf with boards five inches broad and five-eighths of an inch thick. They are nailed to wooden piles driven into the ground, and it is very important that the piles should be driven well down, so that neither they nor the boards offer any obstruction to a ball.

The ditches should be two inches below the surface of the turf and fourteen inches broad, except the one near the bowling-green, which should be at least sixteen inches broad.

The ditches are made up annually with quick lime and mine dust pounded to a mortar, unless you can afford to have them lined with flag or firebrick.

You will, of course, have laid the ditches with a five-inch drain pipe, and at each corner and in the centre of each ditch there must be a pipe leading into the drain pipe.

T. PORTER.

OUT OF THE HURLY-BURLY.

A STUDY IN TASTES THAT DIFFER.

In holidays, as in all else, it is safe to say that one man's meat is another man's poison. One is sometimes led to doubt the truth of the proverb when watching a holiday crowd setting about the business of enjoying itself.

There seems but one consent among them, and it is to go to the same place, at the same time, in the same train, and for the same purposes. In fact if a whole town of people can be bodily removed a hundred miles or so as cheap excursion fares, the success of a holiday is assured.

WITH THE CROWD.

It seems to be the same with all classes of people. The habitués of Cowes and Marienbad are doing just the same as the crowd on the "Husbands' Boat" on the way to Margate, or as the Sunday-school party—boys, girls, masters, mistresses, parsons, and all—screaming their way with fluttering handkerchiefs to some popular resort where they may paddle, eat buns, and drink gingerbeer for five hours and then return home.

They all enjoy themselves "a treat."

But there are others, and though these may be in a minority, their name is legion, for they are many.

And just in the same way that the individuals in a crowd find much of their pleasure in the fact that others are doing as they are, so the solitary holiday-maker finds much of his pleasure in the knowledge that there are thousands as keen on enjoyment as he. Only their methods differ.

This joy of the solitary man came home to me fully and richly only the other day. The whole world seemed to be making holiday, myself included.

With others, thousands of others—hundreds of thousands of others there seemed to be—I pushed and struggled and bought my cheap ticket, and held my five inches, or less, of seating accommodation in the carriage.

MISPLACED SYMPATHY.

So far we were at one. But the difference of taste was soon to become obvious, for whereas ninety-nine per cent. of these gay travellers sat tight, or were going to sit tight, till the train reached the terminus at the sea, a solitary one per cent. dropped off at little wayside stations.

As I turned out of one of these little stations I knew quite well—indeed I could feel—that thousands of hearts pitied me.

In effect their thoughts—or such of them as saw my exit—were after this sort: "Poor devil! Fancy getting out at this little God-forsaken hole of a place when there's a fine pier and a band and bathing and nigger shows at——"

And as for my thoughts? Well, I turned cool of that little "God-forsaken" station quite as happy as any man in the train I had just left. And I thought on in something like this fashion: "Poor devils! Fancy going down in that awful, overcrowded train to —— to stew on an esplanade or bake on a beach when there's such a lovely shady pool here in the woody, fragrant fields, where I'm going to pretend to catch fish."

THE JOY OF SOLITUDE.

For all it mattered they and I might have spared our commiserations and have recognised that what is one man's meat is another man's poison.

By the time that train had cleared the platform I'll be bound that not a soul in all that throng of hundreds had remembered me. I, on my part, had forgotten them, though they were to return to my mind before the day was done.

Wandering through the deserted paths of the countryside I came after an easy half-hour's walk to the hidden pond, where *my* pleasure was to be taken that day.

Can you imagine two acres or so of "still," deep water whose surface is here and there overspread with little leaves and flowers of white; with rich deep alder boughs hanging over the water on one hand and straight, thick reed beds and rushes on the other?

THE SLEEPY FISHERMAN.

There are fat and lazy roach in those reedy waters, and some came circling cautiously my way, and a few came out and stayed in my basket.

But had no sport been mine that holiday I should not have grumbled. To be there on a bank of grass, the gentle air scented with meadow-sweet, huge masses of white cloud drifting above, a hum and buzz of bees and dragonflies all round, was holiday enough.

In the midst of it all I recalled the crowds that had gone on, and I marvelled at their taste as they would have marvelled at mine. The very thought that I was forgotten and unknown, and that the crowds were so busy elsewhere gave zest to my mild adventure.

Had any one of them caught a glimpse of a sleepy fisherman on the side of the secluded glittering pond I should have had pity showered on me, or ridicule, perhaps, for wasting such a day on such an occupation.

AN UNFORGOTTEN EXPERIENCE.

Sometimes I heard excursion trains shriek through my little station, carrying others to the limits of the land, and when I listened I could almost hear the military band and see the men and maidens pacing to and fro.

To feel that the whole world is ignoring you while it goes about its enjoyment is a pleasure indeed. Only at such times can a man think of his fellows dispassionately.

Only a pair of wild ducks and a timid heron paid me a visit that day; and when I grew hungry and thirsty I left rod and basket and book and other tackle on the bank and sauntered off for the little inn.

And at night again I touch that human throng again. What speculations were theirs, what impressions they meditated on, sitting six deep, some in weariness and some in disturbed slumber, I could not tell.

But I would have bet all that I possessed that no two of them had enjoyed, as I had, the delights of being forgotten and left alone. This indeed would have been poison to them, as their crowded hours would have been to me. And who shall say which of us is mad?

C. EASTON-GREY.

THE POOR MAN'S HORSE.

SHOWING HOW IT IS POSSIBLE TO BE AN OWNER WITHOUT BEING WEALTHY.

Working hard from morning till night in roaring city streets for what is, at the present stage of their careers, a slender remuneration, there are hundreds of men for whom the greatest happiness that life has to offer is a rattling run along the country lanes on the back of a good horse.

These men say little of their longings. What is the use? They are determined that such sporting pleasures shall be theirs some day, and they are working hard to that end; but meanwhile they believe they cannot afford them.

And yet, why not? Are the obstacles in the way, even now, so very formidable? With a little cleverness you can sometimes buy a very good horse at what seems a ridiculously low figure; and then his upkeep is only a matter of a careful consideration of ways and means.

It is with the object of showing men of slender incomes, men who are earning, say, about £2 a week, how they can contrive to keep a horse, that this article is written.

We must take it for granted that you are a good horseman, and have a certain amount of knowledge and experience of the equine race. Go, then, to a properly conducted auction. Any horse you happen to take a fancy to you can have examined by a vet. for a small fee; and this is a good investment, for thus you will not be buying with your eyes shut.

The writer knows a man who bought a horse at an auction for £8 which turned out an excellent timber-topper, and whose only drawback was that he needed rather more than ordinary care in the stable, but this is a disadvantage that is easily overcome by the ingenuity of enthusiasm.

If you wish to become an owner on a small income, it will be hopeless to live in the central part of a big city or town. The advertisement columns of the newspapers frequently contain notices of rooms to be let in suburban houses which have a small field and stable attached. Look about and you will not be long in finding what you want.

In the matter of a stable, a shed in a meadow will do capitally. Put up your horse there, and "do for him" yourself in the early morning and on your return from work in the evening.

Of course, he will need periodical attention in the daytime, watering and so forth; but this difficulty is not insuperable. Among the "hangers-on" about stableyards and inns there are numbers of out-of-work men who are quite conversant with the care of horses, and who will be only too glad of a small weekly stipend of half-a-crown or so to look in at your stable at odd times during the day.

Of course, a better plan still, if you are not particular where you live, is to take rooms in the house of a man who has a horse of his own, say a small tradesman; and then your landlord will probably look after your horse just for the sake of obliging his tenant. In the selection of a stablehand of this kind, however little you pay him, you should assure yourself of his entire trustworthiness, for there is no truer saying than that "the race is half won in the stable."

The great point to strive for is that your horse should be what is called "a good doer." In other words he should mop up every oat he is given. There are three signs that will tell you if he has the right amount to eat—good temper, a good appetite, and a healthy, pink mouth. If the latter be yellowish, something is wrong with him.

J. SPALDING.

POINTS OF THE COLONIAL SOLDIER

HIS GOOD POINTS AND HIS BAD.

Coming from Canada about the end of August to take part in the Army manœuvres are some 600 officers and men of the Queen's Own Rifles of Canada, the second oldest volunteer regiment in the Dominion.

The visit of this famous corps is especially noteworthy for two reasons: first, it is the first time that a Colonial regiment has taken part in our *peace* manœuvres; and next, because the regiment is being brought over at the expense of its commanding officer, Colonel Sir H. M. Pellatt, who thus sets a splendid example of patriotism and keenness to other volunteer C.O.'s at home and abroad.

The Q.O.R. will also serve to remind us that our Colonial cousins do not shirk military service, and that their volunteer regiments are little, if anything at all, short of regulars in efficiency.

One way and another I have seen a good deal of the Colonial soldier. Indeed, the visit of the Q.O.R. recalls vividly to my memory a certain dear old colonel of Canadian Militia whom I met at Halifax, Nova Scotia.

The old chap was occasionally employed by the general as president of garrison and other boards, and he welcomed the chance, for he was hard up, and the guinea or so a day he got for sitting meant a good deal.

ON THE MAKE.

In fact, it meant so much to him that he used to spin out the proceedings in a highly immoral but most amusing manner. The board would assemble, and the president would discover that the pen-nibs did not suit him, and we would solemnly adjourn till next day, when he would find it impossible to proceed without a ruler or something. On one pretext or another proceedings, which should have been over in half an hour were spun out for the best part of a week, and the old boy drew his guineas and sampled the mess port heavily.

Mind you, I do not give him as a fair type of Colonial officer; I mention the incident chiefly because it may cause a passing smile, and because it points the moral that the Colonial soldier is usually more regular than volunteer, and is at all times fit to do duty with regulars. And, indeed, efficiency is the keynote of the Colonial soldier. He takes his work seriously, and would think shame of himself if he were not a good shot, a first-rate horseman, and a trained scout.

PART OF HIS LIFE.

He is a better class of man, too, than we get in the Territorials. The English business man, as a rule, fights shy of volunteer soldiering. He puts his business before his country. But the Colonial regards soldiering as quite as important a part of his life as making money. The result is, that the Colonial corps is officered and manned for the most part by grown business men who have been in it since boyhood, and who run the corps on sound business and military lines.

The Colonial is ready to give up a part of his life to soldiering. Here, the average volunteer joins for a few years and "chucks" as soon as his soldiering begins to interfere with his ordinary life.

There is a refreshing absence of red-tape also about the Colonial soldier. Efficiency is his aim, and he takes the shortest road to it.

He is self-reliant, possibly a trifle too much so; he has initiative and resource; and he is very much a man.

Above all, he does not regard volunteering as a sort of favour to his country, but as a proud privilege.

Of course, he has his faults, more especially as a possible combatant in European warfare.

He is impatient of discipline, inclined to be obsessed by the idea that Jack is as good as his master, and to forget that obedience comes perhaps even before courage as a soldierly virtue.

He is inclined, too, to be stupidly prejudiced against the English regular, more especially the regular officer. He is too ready to think that because an English officer is a bit of a dandy he is necessarily a silly ass. That is quite as much a mistake as to imagine that a flannel shirt, an unshaven chin, and dirty boots are the marks of a practical soldier.

THE POT CALLING THE KETTLE BLACK.

He sneers at the British officer because he cannot find his way about veldt, prairie, or bush, but he forgets that he would find himself at sea in a closely-intersected European country.

He objects to the routine and discipline of the regular army, but he forgets that the average Tommy is not like himself a well-educated man who has lived all his life in the saddle and the open-air, but often a town-bred hobbledehoy capable of being made into an efficient soldier only by rigorous and incessant discipline.

Then, the Colonial soldier is apt to "buck" too much. He does his duty when the pinch comes—none better—but one wishes he wouldn't talk so much about it.

He is for ever presenting testimonials to himself or to others. It is a harmless fault, but it irritates the regular who is educated to regard military virtue as its own reward.

A FAILING IN THE FIELD.

On active service he is apt to have confused notions as to *meum* and *tuum*. At least, that is my experience. I remember the first time I joined a Colonial camp, I unpacked my blankets, provisions, &c., and then went for a stroll. When I returned most of my belongings were gone.

His propensity for looting is a bad fault of the Colonial Tommy, or at least of that proportion of scallywags which is to be found in Colonial troops on service.

The Colonial Tommy, too, is apt to think it a sign of weakness to show respect for authority. A really strong man is always the first to obey.

Then I wish he wouldn't let his womenkind slobber over him so when he returns from active service. All that "kissing business" when the Australian contingents returned from the Boer war was rather nauseating.

Still, if he does "buck," sneer at men every bit as good as himself in their own way, and think that there is only one side to a question—his side—the Colonial soldier has many great points, and not the least of them is that he teaches us that by dint of a little self-sacrifice it is possible for the civilian to be a practical soldier.

"CHINSTRAP."

APOLOGIES.

DIFFERENT WAYS OF ACKNOWLEDGING A FAULT.

Formerly men apologised for a mistake or a wrong done, at the point of the sword or the muzzle of the pistol, or after a satisfactory set-to with the bare knuckles. It was

The system had its bad points. It was considered a sign of cowardice to apologise before fighting, and many a good man lost his life over some trumpery quarrel or misunderstanding, because honour forbade him to utter the words that would have cleared matters up satisfactorily.

Still, the old code of honour had its good points. An apology when made was usually worth having, and did credit to both parties. It was full, frank, and sincere, and wiped out the incident and all bitterness.

Nowadays, in serious matters we apologise through a lawyer or the advertisement columns of the Press, while in ordinary life apologies have become more or less meaningless. We offer "ten thousand apologies" on the least provocation, and there is a tendency to think that the words "I apologise" will atone for almost any wrong.

The result is, that men say and do things with comparative impunity which formerly they would have paid for with their lives, or anyway would have had to stand up to be shot at first, before being allowed to eat their words—that is, if they had any pretensions as gentlemen.

Certainly an apology that is frank and free, without spoken or mental reservations of any kind, should palliate most offences, and there is truth in the idea that now that dueling is extinct a man cannot do more than apologise.

But it takes a real man to apologise, to say without attempted palliation or excuse, "I've made a d——d fool of myself, and I've behaved like a confounded cad, and I'm heartily sorry for it."

Small-natured men apologise in grudging terms. They admit their mistake, but try at the same time to justify it. They are very sorry, but they were not really to blame, they were misled by so-and-so. They often pose as aggrieved persons.

If it takes a man to make the amende *honorable*, it takes another man to accept it gracefully. The spirit should be that of the victorious general who just touches his vanquished foe's sword, and then begs him to consider it his own again.

It is no compliment to a man to brush his apology aside as if it were something not worth having or listening to.

Many men err in this direction from the best of motives. Being kindly and chivalrous by nature they hate to see a man humiliate himself before them, and they are apt to say, "Oh, that's all right, old chap, it really doesn't matter," or "Don't bother your head, old man, I never thought twice about it." The apologist is not to be blamed in such circumstances if he feels that he has eaten humble pie for nothing, and that there was really nothing to make a fuss about.

On the other hand, don't spare the man who makes a half-hearted apology, who clearly is not sorry for what he has done, but only fears the consequences. No doubt you know the sort I mean. He fairly slobbers over you, and asks you to believe that he won't be able to sleep at nights until you have said that you forgive him.

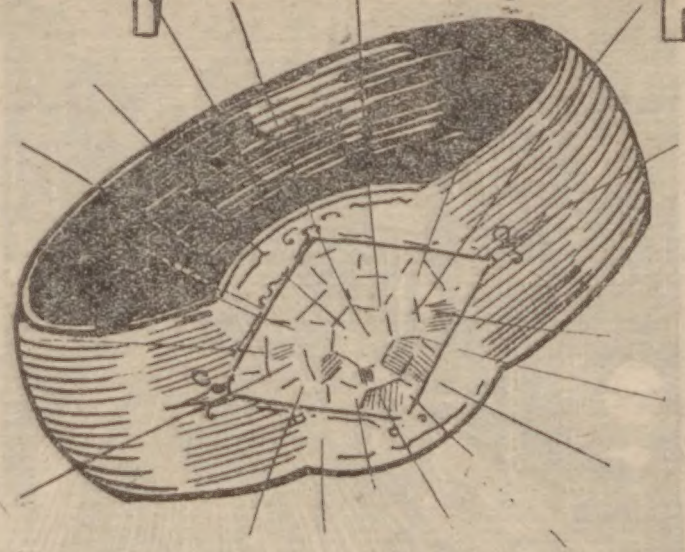
Weak men often apologise when they are in the right, so as to avoid trouble. That is another reason why apologies are rather cheap to-day.

F. N. SEAMAN.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

SPADGE TOWNLEY'S RING

BY BERNARD MACKLIN.



"Talking of rings"—we were seated in e Brighton train after a Goodwood Cup y, and we had resisted all the cajoling of vendor of "dud" sparklers who had ac-mpanied us unasked to the station—"did ever hear about Spadge Townley's?" My friend opposite drew forth his cigar e and gloomily selected a Corona. It uld have been easy to observe with half eye that had been attended to by Jack nson that he had a losing day.

He was the sort of man who gives ngsters of much verdancy the idea that it possible to win money by backing horses. only spoke of the day's racing when he a subject for conversation. (After an iting finish for the Cup, too!)

I smiled knowingly.

"Go on about Spadge Townley," said I.

"I will. Perhaps you read about him n he was scratched out of all engage-nts with a ruthless pen, right in his prime. over that Grand Stand accident. You n't? Hang it, I forget how ancient I'm ing myself.

Well, Spadge was one of my best friends, as straight a professional backer as walked into Tattersall's without trying get out of paying his quid for entrance. erful, good-natured, and jolly, he and old Dick Delaunay represented about the of their respective and distinctly opposite ess-ons.

As far as honour was concerned they n. like Cæsar's wife, quite above sus-

It was all before your time. Hang it, no sooner see your first Derby than you your twentieth is a-top of you! I don't a twenty-Derby man? I'm not. I'm er the thirty.

I look well preserved, I know. It comes ot brooding over losing days, and the ment's better than face-massage. It s of tearing up the programme imme-ly the last loser has come in with the h of also-rans—tearing it up, boy, and worrying over vain regrets and how you t to have backed the winner.

es, but I knew Spadge Townley and Delaunay too! They didn't give many puff paragraphs when he got out. You see, he hadn't a blessed not an oat, poor old chap! And if the had more honest men like him, they n't say the hard things they do about nakers.

ow, th's is where Spadge Townley and old Dicky Delaunay, one of the best. onnected.

was over Spadge Townley's ring. Of , you know how a professional backer's jewellery is sometimes utilised on the when a man whose name is not good hat you might call a lot runs short of ?" in Tattersall's after a succession of

h, yes," I murmured, "you hand a or a pin to the bookie and say 'Bet -and-so to so-and-so, *this*.'"

n the understanding," my friend with rona came in, nodding, "that it may be ned for the amount of the stake after ce should the horse lose." *Quite so.*

ell, to revert to Townley's ring. He o wear a rare flash affair on the second of his right hand, and the stone sent es about all over the place. Everyone Spadge that ring, and he would never out of his keeping to a soul, except to icky Delaunay, whom everyone knew was best as a bit of good dough—and very as soft-hearted.

"Well, as I told you, old Dicky Delaunay was the only chap Spadge would trust it to, and this was only on occasions when Spadge ran short of 'ready' and wanted, say, a 'pony' on the last race.

"When he lost, it was, of course, regularly redeemed."

My vis-a-vis pulled at his cigar thoughtfully.

"Dicky Delaunay," he went on, "was about that time, in his prime. He was merely making a book on the course, and hadn't started that S.P. office where the Boys of the Village got at him all ways.

"Spadge used to bet with him regularly, and often the ring came into their transactions by about the fifth or the last race on the card, so that old Delaunay was pretty well used to it, you may be sure.

"Things went on as usual until—I think it was the Liverpool Autumn Meeting. Delaunay's S.P. office was in existence then, and seeing that they'd got it up for him as the saying goes, without his tumbling to their game, you may depend that the dear old chap was looking pretty down in the mouth because of the fat cheques he'd had to post to his winner-backing wire clients—all of 'em dud Captains, bogus Majors, and down-at-heel Baronets.

"Of course, it's easy enough to back winners after they've won if you've squared an absent principal's managing clerk, but that's another matter.

"Anyway, it was early one Thursday morning before racing that Dicky Delaunay happened to meet Spadge Townley walking across Clayton Square, Liverpool.

"'Hullo!' says Spadge to Dicky. 'Do you know I've just seen a splendid sight?'

"'What's that?' asked Dicky, knowing Spadge's taste. 'A nice pair of ankles?'

"It *was* a sloshy day, too!

"'No,' said Spadge, 'but if you just walk along with me I'll show you an own brother to that ring of mine.'

"And sure enough, Spadge took him to a very much protected pawnbroker-jeweller's window and showed him a ring which was the spittin' image of his own, and it was marked at two hundred pounds—nett.

"'And I've been trusting *mine* with you for pony bets! You can see what I think of you, Dicky,' says Spadge, laughingly.

"'Oh, really,' said Dicky, half incredulous, the rings being so much alike.

"Then Spadge produces his ring to make the comparison more certain.

"'I reckon,' he said, 'you thought I'd sold mine outright to the pawnbroker, Dicky, eh?'

"'Well, I must say you're correct,' says old Dicky—or something like that.

"And after that they went and had drinks, or left each other, I suppose. Anyway, that's the substance of Dicky's introduction to be blood brother, as you might say, of Spadge's ring. He told me that part himself.

"That afternoon things went bad for the First Favourite system. One by one they went down before apparently unfancied horses. The form in the rotten going was all wrong, with the usual consequence that nothing but mud-larkers got their noses in front. The bookies were having a good time, and, as a matter of course, Spadge had to bring his ring into play about the fifth race, Dicky, as usual, betting him three ponies to one on the favourite on that security.

"Dick would have laid him it four times over if he'd liked, of course, for apart from the money that the ring was worth (after the comparison with the one in the pawnbroker-jeweller's), Dicky would have trusted Spadge with his life and *vice versa*. The ring had almost become a matter of form, and the custom of years is not lightly broken."

The Corona, half-finished, went out of the window, and my friend settled his head back into the padded cushions of our first-class carriage.

"You weren't thinking it was the old substituted ring story?" he went on contemptuously. "No. I don't put you down so young as all that. What I am going to tell you now comes entirely in the light of after events (which is so like that favourite occupation of the Boys of the Village, namely, backing a winner after it has won!).

"To resume. It happened by the merest chance that Dicky Delaunay met that night some friends of his who had just returned from America, and they were all anxious to stand him a dinner. So Dicky accepted. He went back to his hotel and changed into his evening dress clobber, looking the giddy duke—with one exception. These pals of his were Yids, and with them, of course, a display of jewellery counts for a lot. Without giving the matter much of a second thought, Dicky goes to his satchel and takes out Spadge Townley's ring, finally finding that it fitted his little finger to the T and looked extra.

"Well, that night turned out wet for Dicky in more senses than one. Anyhow, to cut a long story short, after bein' persuaded to neck a deal of champagne, dear old Dicky remembered very little more until the next morning, when he found himself lying, still in his evening dress clothes, on the bed in his room in his hotel. And—what do you think?"

It was obvious, even to me.

"The ring was gone!" said I.

"That's spotted it. Well, of course, poor old Dicky hunted high and low, questioned the boots, who was strictly and soberly honest, but not a smell of a large single-stone diamond ring, value two hundred shiners nett, could he find. He sat down at the finish, poor old chap, utterly and completely done—as fogged, by the way, as was the weather outside.

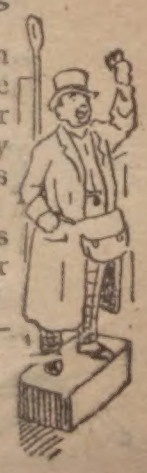
"It was something of a relief to him when he found by a notice posted in the hall of the hotel that all racing was abandoned that day on account of the mist. You couldn't see an inch before your nose anywhere in the city.

"But you'll observe that this gave him time. He groped about as well as he could, when the fog lifted a little, hunting up his old pals of the previous evening, visiting the police stations, &c.—all to no purpose.

"That evening's amusement had cost him two hundred of the best, he knew, for Spadge would have to be returned either the ring or the value when next they met—and Dicky Delaunay wasn't the man to shirk his liabilities.

"Two hundred pounds!—and money was getting very slack with Dicky just then, lower and lower, until the final bust up came.

"Well——" my friend leaned forward—



" it came that night with the submission of the books containing the week's transactions from Dicky's confidential S.P. clerk.

" Dicky spent that evening writing out cheques. The last one left him to all practical purposes—with nothing at the bank, so his final occupation was devising a small circular stating that he was giving up his S.P. business. In these days, of course, they would either not pay up—or pay up and go ahead on the chance of getting it back without either hope or intention of settling if they lost.

" The next thing that Dicky did was to tot up the assets in his satchel. It was a bean or two over two hundred—and there was that ring to settle for. I've told you, haven't I, that Dicky wasn't the man to stand up in the ring and shout the odds on nothing? As his bank account was practically depleted, that would have been the case with him had he elected to take up his old pitch in Tatt.'s—to say nothing of squaring for the ring, or replacing it.

" Finally he went to the jeweller's, bought the ring for the two hundred net, and with his few remaining pounds went to Hurst Park on the Saturday and handed it over to Spadge in exchange for his 'pony.'

" Well, Tatt.'s was flummoxed at not seeing him take his usual place with the pencillers. But Tatt.'s, like every other money exchange in this world, soon gets over one of its number taking the knock, and they forgot about old Dicky Delaunay—who had not the money to make even a little two-hundred-pound book in the tank.

" Well—he went—goodness knows where—and the Turf knew poor old honest Dicky Delaunay no more."

We were running into Preston Park, and my friend reached down his hat.

" I suppose," he said reminiscently, " that it was quite two years later that a poor, bent, and very ill old chap tapped Spadge and me on the arm. Exposure to bad weather had broken him utterly. We hardly knew that Dicky Delaunay who asked us for a copper!

" Of course, we helped him into the nearest restaurant, and without further words poured a little Martell's down his throat and ordered such nourishing things as we thought he could stand.

" Warmed a little by these attentions, and looking back over the past years, he told us exactly how he had gone broke—how replacing Spadge's ring had finally cleared him out.

" 'You mean to say that you bought what I jokingly termed the own brother to my ring, Dicky?' says Spadge.

" Dicky nods his whitened napper feebly.

" 'Well, they were the spittin' image of one another, certainly,' says Spadge, taking off the ring and gazing at it, 'but, Dicky, poor old Dicky,' says he, 'mine was nothing more than excellent and skilfully-made Oriental paste, and worth not a penny more than twenty-five quid!'"

WHEN YOUR DOG IS UNWELCOME.

It is a custom among most people to take their dogs with them for a stroll in the country on summer Sunday evenings.

Those who do so are apt to let the dog have full liberty, and in so doing they often unwittingly do much to disturb and spoil the peace of the woods which the gamekeeper has worked so hard to preserve.

An inquisitive terrier, unused to the ways of the sporting world, will put up more sitting pheasants than any other creature.

It is not surprising, therefore, that when you meet Velveteens later he seems rather grumpy. All trouble would be avoided if, when near covers that are preserved, you keep your dog to heel.

Being a sportsman yourself, you don't mind taking this little trouble on behalf of other sportsmen.

THROUGH THE CITY AT MIDNIGHT

PLACES WHERE STRANGE IMPRESSIONS LURK.

To go deeper into the mazes of the city in an effort to escape that very city's turmoil sounds paradoxical, but it is a quick way out. Years of working in a city does not mean that a man gains any knowledge of the real life and atmosphere of the place.

Rather does it tend to make a man indifferent to his surroundings. Constant coming and going through certain restricted streets and buildings helps to deaden a man's exploring instincts. It lulls him into a mistaken impression that he knows the place of his adoption.

And when the time comes that he is sick to death of the racket of the traffic he escapes by train, leaving behind him, almost at his office door, a whole world of unexplored regions, and impressions that he has hitherto never known.

NOT ONE OF THEM.

In these regions of the city, at all unconventional hours, it is easier to escape from oneself, from one's fellows, one's usual surroundings, worries, and interests than by going ever so far afield.

One evening this summer, while the evenings are long, do not hurry to catch that 5.59 train that usually carries you, and so much else from the City, out to the suburban district.

Finish your work leisurely. Let it exhaust itself rather than let yourself be exhausted by it in a frantic endeavour to catch a train. And then leave your office and watch the hundreds of thousands of people all striking out for stations, trains, and homes.

The fact that you are not in that swim will give you at once a new sensation. To separate yourself thus effectively from the multitude changes your point of view, and a homeward rush in which you have hitherto taken part becomes a subject for disinterested study.

When the rush is over, and the early quietude of evening is settling down on the business quarters, turn in at a restaurant, still pursuing your isolating enterprise, and enjoy a meal.

IN A NEW CITY.

The attention you will receive, the comfort, the absence of the usual bustle, will all aid digestion. An hour and a half later you will have put down the stub of your cigar, and will be leisurely lighting your evening pipe.

Then, with a deserted, strange world before you, saunter off in the direction opposite to your usual course, and revel in new-found lands, and be moved by new and strong impressions.

It is likely that you are "fed up" with London and its business. Turn along the narrow streets, so often quaintly named "lanes" or "alleys" in the heart of the world's greatest city, and in no time you will have transported yourself into another world.

The huge warehouses tower above you, shutting out all but the thinnest strip of sky; the iron arms that reach half-way across the alleys, and on whose strength great chains rely as goods are raised and lowered, are swung-to against the smoked stone of the walls; the warehouse doors no longer gape for sacks and cases of merchandise; no red flags warn you of danger; you walk now on the pavement instead of in the middle of the road, for no weighty bales are swinging in the air above you. Chains no longer rattle, horses no longer clatter and strain up the steep cobbled stoned way, striking fire with their hoofs in their struggle with a heavy load.

BY THE WATER-SIDE.

Your own footsteps echo to and fro between the silent walls, and with relief you gather that even the loading and unloading of merchandise gives men time to breathe in calmer, cleaner atmosphere.

Descending at every step you know that the river cannot be far away. It is growing dark; and ahead, between two towering walls green and red lights glide evenly, silently in front of you. A little farther on and you catch the glint of many lamps in the dark, oily rubbish-laden tide of the river.

Here are barges in strings being drawn silently up-stream on the incoming tide. They wake strange thoughts in the wanderer. What are they carrying? Whence has it come? For whom is it destined? Hundreds of questions force themselves forward, and in the answers lies all the romance of life and commerce.

Following the riverside paths and wharves the waterway widens out as the open sea is approached. Lying huge and silent, with little lights gleaming from tiny round portholes, the great cargo boats lie alongside, without a trace of the storms they have weathered left on their painted hulls.

Still farther on there stands a point of light far out. At regular brief intervals it disappears, and the mind instantly leaps farther out to sea than any lighthouse ray can penetrate.

Here, indeed, within sight of the lighthouse one can be isolated from sordid surroundings.

SILENCE AND SOLITUDE.

The greasy water may swish and swirl; the brawlers may utter their curses and exchange their blows in the narrow alleys that make the quayside a maze; the sordid squalor may close in on every side, and yet, seeing that lighthouse ray a man may shake off the oppression of these things.

They are but the by-wash of the world's activity.

Turning back to more familiar scenes there is a deeper stillness in the city. The stream of the pleasure seekers does not pass this way, and wandering through the roads one understands the genius in that famous line: "Dear God, the very houses seem asleep!" John Ellison.

WHEN BUYING A MEERSCHAUM.

Although very few men, as a general rule, smoke meerschaums, this particular kind of pipe is a very favourite one for presents. Again, men will often bet a meerschaum pipe on a wager when their principles would debar them from speculating actual money.

The great point to remember when buying a meerschaum, is that, within reasonable limits, you should pay as small a price for it as possible. As in the case of patent-leather boots, a high price is no guarantee of superior quality; and a fifty-shilling pipe may crack in a week or two, whereas a guinea one may smoke sweetly for years. Fifteen shillings or a sovereign is a fair price for a really good meerschaum pipe.

Success in Sea-Angling

AN ARTICLE FOR SEASIDE HOLIDAY-MAKERS.

Although the freshwater fisherman may be apt to turn up his nose at sea-angling, it is a fine, exhilarating sport, with some peculiar advantages of its own.

To begin with, it is very inexpensive; a few shillings will fit you out with all you need, and though if you go in for fishing from a boat, the hire of that will add to your expenses, excellent sport is to be had from piers and rocks.

Then sea-fishing does not require anything like the same skill and practice as is demanded of the river angler. Nevertheless, if you like to fish with rod and fly for such sea-fish as will take a fly—for example, mackerel—you can enjoy most, if not all, of the sensations of the fly-fisher on land.

Next, you can generally be sure of a good basket, and your catch will help materially to reduce your landlady's bills.

THINGS IN ITS FAVOUR.

Finally, sea-fishing is to be had all the year round, and you are not nearly so much at the mercy of the weather as you are when trying freshwater fish.

As to outfit, all you require is about two fathoms of brown sea-line, two dozen mixed hooks of various sizes, three leaden "sinkers," a few yards of whip-cord or "trooding," for attaching the hooks to the main line, a good jack-knife, and a square, wooden frame, on which to wind your line.

Within the space available it is impossible to describe all the various methods of rigging sea-line, but the following is good enough for most purposes, be you after bass, conger, or what not:—Wind your line round the frame until about sixteen feet remains; from this cut off half and divide it into four pieces. Make one end of each of these pieces make a running knot, and slip the other end through it to form a loop of a hook which the knot will keep from slipping off. Having similarly treated each piece, fasten them to the end of your long line, which hangs clear from the frame at intervals of about two feet. Finally, run a yard or so of whip-cord through your sinker, fasten it to the extreme end of your line, and you are ready.

CONCERNING BAIT.

In regard to bait your best plan is to secure acquaintance with a local fisherman through the medium of your baccy pouch and learn from him which baits go best in his particular locality. Also you will save yourself a good deal of trouble by arranging with him to supply you with bait for a small consideration.

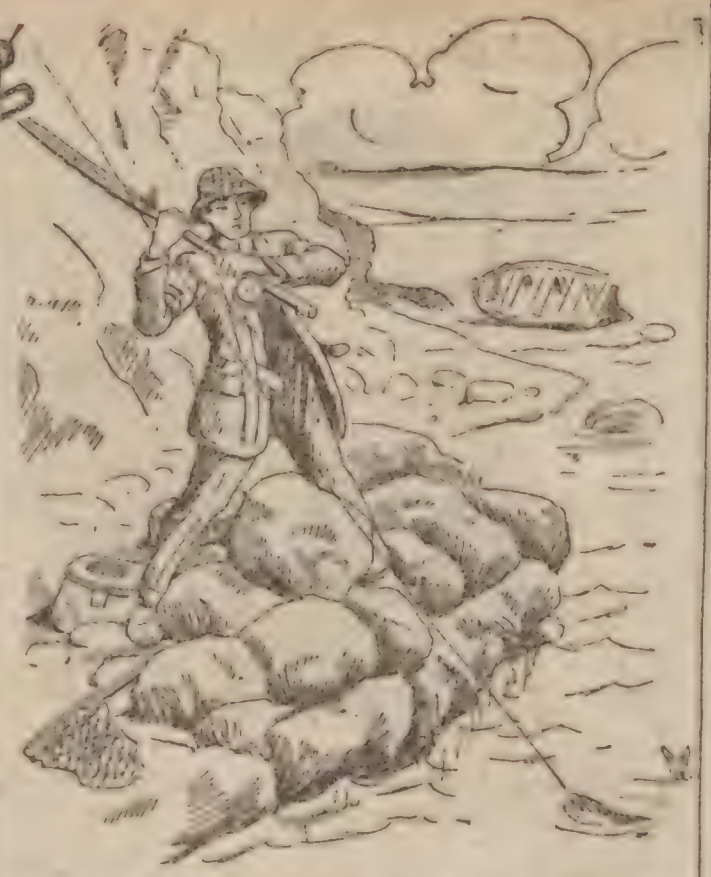
At the same time, mussels, whelks, pieces of *fresh* crab or *fresh* herring are good practically everywhere and for most fish, while worms are also a favourite and usually effective lure.

But if you are going to collect your own bait, let me tell you that the hunting of the lark was as nothing compared with the hunting of the lug-worm, unless you know how to set about it.

HOW TO CATCH THE LUG-WORM.

He, the lug-worm, is marked down easily enough by the spiral coils he throws up on the sand; but he is a mighty slippery customer to catch.

Proceed as follows, having armed yourself with a long, narrow clay-spade: A little distance from the "put" or "coil" dig a trench by removing four spadefuls of sand, the full depth of the spade; then take a deep slice of sand between the trench and the coil, so that



only two inches or so separates the coil from the trench.

Now is the ticklish moment. With a very quick thrust send your spade down 7 or 8 inches behind the coil, and throw out the sand with a forward motion, which, all being well, will turn the worm's tail at right angles from you, and you have him, as once his tail is out of the perpendicular he cannot bolt down his hole. Another dig with the spade and up he comes, a fearsome, hairy, red-and-yellow beast, about 9 inches long, and as thick as your forefinger, but quite harmless. That is the way to snare the lug-worm; the novice starts digging at the coil and in a trice the creature has bolted down its hole.

INDIVIDUAL PREFERENCES.

There are many other kinds of sea-bait, but these may be conveniently mentioned in considering the question what sort of fish you are going after. Naturally this must greatly depend on the locality, and local inhabitants will tell you what fish frequent their shores, but all sea-fish may be roughly divided into those which frequent sandy bottoms and those which prefer rocks.

Among the former are cod (bait: whelk, sand-eels, or mussels); codling (whelk, mussel, crab, or sand-eel); herring (seldom taken with bait, but may be caught with mud-worm or sand-eel); turbot (sand-eel, or a piece of smelt, which, however, must not live up to its name); flounder (practically any soft bait); sole, plaice, brill, and skate (any soft bait); haddock (fresh herring, mussels, whelks); whiting (fresh herring, pilchard, or mussels); smelts (mud-worm and mussels); grey mullet (sand-eels, pilchards, herring); and, lastly, the lordly bass, which will give you all the excitement you want, should you have the luck to come across a shoal of him. Bait for him with artificial spinners, sand-eels, ray's liver, squid, pilchard, or soft crab, and have the gaff ready.

THE WAYS OF THE CONGER.

Among rocky-bottom-frequenting fish the conger eel takes a high place for the excitement he will afford. He often grows to a tremendous size, and there are authentic tales of sleepy fishermen (he is best taken by night) having been pulled overboard by him by a sudden jerk on the line.

Although a clean feeder—tainted bait is no good for him—he will take almost anything; but the deadliest bait is a piece of cuttle or squid with a bit of pilchard to give it a flavour.

If you catch a conger, don't haul him on board alive whatever you do. Get his head over the side of the boat and give him his *quietus* by making a deep nick with a sharp knife at the back of the neck. Chop his blooming head off if you like, but don't let him come aboard alive.

Other rocky-bottom fish are pollack (usually taken with rod and fly or spinners); bream (bait with pilchard, fresh herring, or mussel); hake (will take anything); the wrasse (rag-worm or crab); gurnard, which grunts when caught and will take mackerel, crab, or whelk; and mackerel, usually taken with the fly, but will take sand-eels or strips of its own kind.

Lobsters are fond of rocks and may be taken in lobster pots baited with lug-worms.

Sea fish are usually taken on a rising tide.

The following are in season in August, those italicised being at their best: *Bass*, bream, brill, conger, *dory*, flounder, gurnard, *herring*, *hake*, *mullet*, *pilchard*, plaice, *pollack*, skate, sole, turbot, *whiting*. These should all give you good sport and most of them good eating.

R. C. McILRAY.

FACING YOUR TROUBLES.

Doubtless trouble comes in some shape or form to every man, be he rich or poor. And the present writer has had his fair share. But his experience has been that if a man "stands up to" his troubles, as it were, they appear to be far less formidable.

Look at them through the wrong end of the telescope.

Argue to yourself that it will all be the same a hundred years hence, whatever happens; and if you can do nothing, why simply let things slide. If things are so bad as to be hopeless you will not make them a whit brighter by worrying your head over them.

SOME DINNER DON'TS.

Don't drop pieces of bread into the soup, or use bread to mop up gravy. Some soups are improved by the addition of bread, but this is served in the form of little cubes, or squares of toast.

The butter-knife is meant to be used, don't help yourself to butter with your own knife. The same remark applies to salt-spoons, for which some people are fond of substituting their knife.

Don't dissect game. That is, if you are given a small bird like a partridge or a woodcock don't carve him up. Cut the meat off the breast and wings, and let the rest go.

Don't mash up your food all together.

Don't use a knife and fork to soft dishes like rissoles, mince, and so on. A fork is sufficient.

Don't talk across your neighbour. If you particularly wish to speak to your next door neighbour but one, lean back and talk, so to speak, behind your partner's back. Of course, if the three of you are talking together that is another matter.

Don't shovel peas into your mouth with a knife or a spoon. Eat them with a fork, pressing them lightly on to the point thereof.

If you want a second helping, don't remove your knife and fork, or spoon and fork, from your plate, but send them up with it.

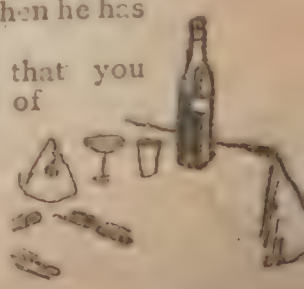
Don't turn your meat over as if you thought there was something valuable concealed in it.

Wipe your mouth before, as well as after, drinking, and use your napkin, not your handkerchief for this purpose.

When you have finished don't cross your knife and fork, or put them on opposite sides of the plate. Lay them side by side, knife on the right hand, fork with points uppermost.

Don't address a person just when he has taken a mouthful of food.

Don't give the impression that you haven't seen food for a month of Sundays.



A MAN'S PROBLEMS

POINTS WE HAVE TO SETTLE FOR OURSELVES.

A man has his own especial problems, which are the result partly of his manhood, partly of his calling in life, partly of his general circumstances.

A man may wrong a girl without being a libertine. He may have lost his head, or have been sorely tempted. He may not have meant to sin, but he has sinned, and it is up against him to right the wrong.

Honour says that he should make an "honest woman of her," as the saying goes; common sense tells him that if he marries her he will ruin his life, that there can be no real happiness for them. It was a passing madness. Neither is suited to the other, and they have ceased to care for each other.

TO RIGHT THE WRONGED.

Yet, is he to leave her to her almost inevitable fate of the streets, to let her go branded and shamed in the eyes of the world? It is a hard problem, a man's problem, and different men solve it in different ways.

Some are hard and callous, and abandon the victim to her fate, and the world on the whole applauds them. Others salve their conscience by seeing that the girl does not want, and again the world approves.

A few take the consequences of their wrongdoing and marry her, and the world writes them down fools. And perhaps the world is right.

It is a very difficult question, for the man has not only the girl to consider. Has he any right to give his mother an "impossible" daughter-in-law? Is he justified in bringing into the family an undesirable strain of blood? Should he give his name to a woman who is not fit to wear it?

It is notorious that such marriages rarely turn out well. Why should he spoil two lives.

But he has done wrong, should he not as a man pay the penalty, however heavy it may be?

SAILING NEAR THE WIND.

The business man is often faced by very difficult problems. He sees a way of making money by means which, though not legally fraudulent, he knows in his heart of hearts are morally dishonest.

If he take the straight course ruin awaits him, and with himself he will drag others who look to him for safety and protection.

What he thinks of doing is done by hundreds of other men, and nobody thinks the worse of them, even when they are found out. It is "business"—of a sort.

On the one hand ruin and unhappiness for himself and his family; on the other, comfort, prosperity, and no great harm done to anybody. He has just to sail a little close to the wind and all will be well.

It is a tough problem. All the tougher because there is a general idea that business morality need not be so strict as the private code. But a real man knows that that is dangerous sophistry. A dishonourable action is at all times and in all circumstances dishonourable.

It is the old and baffling question "Whether we can apply those principles of Christ which we profess to hold to daily life."

THE THING THAT PAYS.

Are we not justified in meeting trickery by trickery? If a man finds himself being beaten by unfair competition why should he not pay the rascals back in their own coin? But two blacks do not make a white. An honourable man is honourable in all his dealings. Honesty v. the exigencies of business life is a hard nut to crack for the man who wishes to run straight, and yet sees clearly that honesty will *not* pay him in this particular instance, that his straightness will cost him much, and that the world will think him a Quixotic fool.

A kind-hearted man is often called upon to be hard. Perhaps he has a scapegrace son. The

ne'er-do-weel is lovable, as many ne'er-do-weels are, but he is beyond redemption.

Yet, has a man the right to disown his own flesh and blood? The lad came into the world through him.

On the other hand he knows he will be ruining himself for no good, that he cannot save his son, and that every penny he gives him will be wasted.

THROWING HIM OVER.

He, the father, is a good man, a useful citizen, an asset to humanity; has he the right to deprive his fellow-men of his valuable services? Should he not let the wastrel go to his doom, and secure his own comfort and future?

Yet, the lad is his son, bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh. Can a father ever let his son go to perdition? Should they not sink or swim together?

Men often have to face this problem of the scapegrace son or brother, and it is a mighty difficult one to solve.

Then the claims of friendship are often most embarrassing. A man has rendered you a great service, and the time has come for repayment. Perhaps he is in difficulties and you can save him. But to do so means to endanger the future of your loved ones. Have they not the first claim on you? Yet you can save your friend, and he stood by you in your hour of need, and do not the Scriptures say: "Bear ye one another's burdens?"

DUTY BEFORE ALL.

Duty gives me some terrible problems. It may be your duty to report a man whom you love with the inevitable result, you know, of his ruin.

Your duty is plain; yet should you perform it? Who are you to consign a man to perdition? Is it your business to sit in judgment? He is your friend, so hold your tongue.

On the other hand, the voice of duty is clear, if you do not report him, you will be betraying a trust reposed in you. It is your duty to your fellow-men not to allow the wrongdoer to go unpunished.

Yet, "judge not lest ye too be judged."

James Munro.

YOUR HEALTH!

Many are the changes rung on the old form, "I drink to your very good health, sir," or "Your very good health, sir." We have no time for such long-winded phrases nowadays, and "Good health," or even "Health" suffices, for which "Good luck," or "Luck" is often substituted.

Then there are such slang phrases as "Chin-chin," the origin of which it might be interesting to know. "Here's hurroo," and "Cheero." Scotsmen still cling to "Here's tae ye," and many Englishmen adopt the German's "Prosit," or "Gesundheit," or the Frenchman's "Santé," which is short for *à votre santé, mon cher,* or *monsieur.*

"FOX PAWS."

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

This is not a hunting article. Pr... there is no need to explain that, for ... sportsman—and all M.M.'s belong to the ... clan—knows that you don't talk of a ... feet or paws, but of his "pads." ... allude to what the French call *fau...* which an eccentric friend of mine will in... on pronouncing as above, and which may ... freely translated as "putting your foot in it."

The usual causes of such social disas... are nervousness, over-confidence, a ... tongue, and the fact that at social gather... you meet people of whom you know not... and with whom you have to make co... versation.

The nervous man sees the rocks ahe... some wild and wicked impulse drives him ... to them. One does not discuss capital pun... ment in the house of a man who has be... hanged, but that is just what the nervous ... *will* do.

He could bite his tongue out with ve... at the "bloomer," yet he cannot pull up ... time. He knows that he is saying, or go... to say, something "dreadful," but he ca... check himself.

The nervous man deliberately unlocks ... door which hides the family skeleton.

Then there is the reverse type—the ... fident, bumptious, overbearing sort of ... He is often guilty of trying to teach ... grandmother to suck eggs. He is so sure ... himself that he cannot conceive the possi... of anyone else knowing a thing or two.

In the smoking-room he will start la... down the law on some subject of which ... really knows very little, and by some fat... he nearly always selects for his lecture ... man who is a recognised authority.

He gives an M.F.H. wrinkles on ... a soldier some tips on tactics (young ... torials are rather prone to this), a county ... ket captain a few hints on cricket; and ... he does not notice the widening grins o... audience, but goes on making a hopeless ... of himself continually.

Still, even a well-bred man cannot al... avoid putting his foot in it, especially ... social gatherings. At "At Homes," ... parties and similar functions, people are ... formally introduced nowadays; you are ... posed to talk to anyone whom you co... across, and while there is no excuse for s... ing a political or religious discussion with ... stranger, it is by no means easy to av... hitting on some unpalatable topic.

A very common mistake is to criticise ... guests. But here again there is no ex... if you ask a man who is that weird-look... woman with the gamboge-dyed hair, you ... discomfiture is deserved if he turns out ... be her husband or her brother.

The historic instance of this kind is, I ... pose, "Punch's" story of the male guest w... finding himself near a lonely-looking ... remarked that it was a rotten, dull entert... ment. The other agreed, and agreed ... when the supper was voted beastly, the ... bad, and the crowd so-so. "Come on, ... get out of it," said the first man. "You ... but I can't," said the other, "You ... happen to live here."

Newspaper sensations are often dan... topics. I remember, when a certain ... family solicitors were guilty of gigantic ... bezzlements, starting a conversation with ... lady at dinner on the topic. A friendly k... under the table from my host made me rea... that I was on thin ice, and I got off it ... quickly and gracefully as I could.

Afterwards I found that the lady was ... relative of the principals of the defaul... firm in question.

E. H. Hil...

A Holiday Afloat

HOW THE HOLIDAY SAILOR'S CRAFT CAN BE FURNISHED CHEAPLY AND WELL.

We are now once again in the very heart of holiday-making season, the season when men are wont to sit on high office stools, unsuccessfully disguising their envy, while Jones, or Brown, or Robinson—lucky beggar!—goes round the office happily, gladstone bag in hand, dispensing good-byes to his fellow workers "until a fortnight's time."

The thought that we must remain cooped up in town while he is luxuriating on the sea-front promenade or the rippling river is by a cheering one to us, and is by no means inspiring to assiduous work once the office door has closed behind him; but one thought brings consolation. Are we not going to get our own fortnight away as soon as he comes back? The quiet after-dinner hour, then, in our rooms that evening finds us in eager discussion of the most enjoyable way of spending that fortnight when it comes along.

A DEPARTURE FROM CONVENTION.

There is a certain sameness about seaside resorts. Generally speaking, if you have seen one you have seen them all. Up-river holidays are apt to be expensive, and for the same reason a run over to the Continent is, in most cases, out of the question. And lodgings in a quiet old-world village in the heart of the country is more than distasteful to the man who does not possess the hardly virile attribute, "the poetic temperament."

Then what do you say to a sailing holiday? From the point of view of sport and varied excitement it possesses many attractions, and the financial argument in its favour is its distinctiveness. Some men may possibly dislike it on the latter quality; but they are sportsmen who hire a boat for a term of weeks and go to sea for daily jaunts, sleeping at night in their rooms or a hotel. Now, this is not a bad suggestion at all.

SAVING AFTER EXPENSES.

By hiring a boat—the lines of her construction do not matter much, so long as she is comfortable and living in her day and night cabin—we get to finish of our holiday we save the cost of lodgings, while the commissariat becomes a far smaller item.

For the man who lives at the seaside, the hiring of a boat will be an easy matter; the city worker will have to advertise, and an offer of about thirty shillings a week for a small sailing vessel, with cabin accommodation for two men and room in the fo'c'sle for another.

You will be sure to receive a number of replies from ancient mariners who happen to possess a small but seaworthy fishing boat which will just suit your requirements.

THE QUESTION OF THE SKIPPER.

If you are a good seaman yourself, you will need no professional assistance; but, if not, it will be advisable to engage some local fisherman to act as skipper of your craft during the cruise. You will find many fishermen who will be quite pleased to do so for as little as ten shillings a week and their board.

Of course, such a holiday spent in the sole company of a stranger would be unutterably dull, so it follows that you must whip up a friend who will be prepared to join you on an expense-sharing basis.

So now everything is arranged, barring the furnishing of your boat.

The cabin of such a craft generally has a bunk on either side, used by night as beds and as sofas in the daytime. These should have lockers underneath them for the reception of any objects that will not be harmed by water, for the latter is bound to find its way into the cabin in some way or other.

As the space of a small sailing boat's cabin is limited, the bunk blankets cannot be stowed away out of sight, so that these should be as ornamental as possible. For so short a time it would be a pity to buy any; but if you are sufficiently in the good graces of your landlady to obtain the loan of some red ones or striped Austrian blankets, these will look very well on your bunks.

FURNISHING TIPS.

Seasoned salts are practically unanimous in their praises of dark blue flannel stuffed with horsehair as the materials for the pillows, as these are warm and comfortable by night and look natty by day. Some blue cushions on the red blankets will present a quite attractive appearance.

The floor-covering of your cabin will next concern you. Carpet should be barred, for it is easily soaked through and difficult to get dry again. Some men use linoleum or oilcloth, but these are very cold to the feet. By far the most suitable floor-covering is good cocoa-nut matting, which is a by no means expensive commodity. It is sold by oilmen in any width, so that you will have no difficulty in procuring a piece to fit your cabin floor. Besides looking well, it is easily washed, dries quickly, and is warm to walk upon with naked feet.

Your lamp is a very important consideration, for the overturning of a cheap oil lamp in rough weather may have serious consequences. What is known as a "spring candlestick lamp" swinging on a gimbal, is eminently suitable to your purpose; but if you intend sailing during the night, it will be cheaper to use a swinging paraffin lamp (of metal, *not* glass), for you will have to keep it burning all night in order to refer to the chart, and so forth.

PERSONAL TOUCHES.

As regards the general appearance of the cabin, a few "personal touches" will make it look very snug and attractive. You will probably bring a bagful of books down with you, and these should be stowed on a shelf on the forward wall, with the barometer on one side and the clock on the other. Your fishing rods and tackle, any guns you may possess, and the charts can be slung on the side wall, over one of the bunks; and over the other there should be two racks, one for pipes and the other for glasses. The side windows and the skylight should be draped with little red silk curtains.

Finally, a word as to cost. The weekly hire of the boat is, say, thirty shillings, and your "skipper's" wage ten. A good, wholesome, seafaring diet, supplemented with the spoils of your rods and lines, should cost no more than a shilling a day per head, or a guinea a week for three men. This brings the weekly bill to £3 1s., so that your halt share will amount to £1 10s. 6d., a figure at which I defy you to obtain an equally enjoyable holiday in any other way. The cost of the few articles of furniture I have enumerated is practically insignificant.

T. ROBINSON.

HOW TO DRESS QUICKLY.

Many a man is apt to wonder why it is that though he hurries feverishly over his dressing in the morning, he always seems to take an unconscionable time over it.

This is because he does not dress in the right order, as it were. For instance, he will get out of bed, slip on a pair of trousers, have a good wash, and then take the trousers off again, because he has forgotten his pants. Then he will, perhaps, polish his boots; and this will necessitate a second washing of his hands.

Always do everything in such order that you need not do it more than once.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

By filling up and posting the form printed below you will gain many thousands of potential friends who are scattered throughout the length and breadth of Britain, all of them first-rate sportsmen.

The badge gives you the privilege of speaking to other members without the formality of an introduction, for you are both friends of ours.

These are the badges we supply, with their respective prices: Gold-plated tie-pin or safety pin, 6d.; gold-plated lapel or cap badge, 6d.; gold-plated pendant for watch-chain, 6d.; solid silver-tie-pin or safety-pin, 1s.; solid silver lapel or cap badge, 1s.; solid silver pendant for watch-chain, 1s.; 9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.; 18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

The League Badge (Actual size.)

A CONVERSATION.

THE OLD BOY

By A. G. STORM.

Once there was a man who in his spare time was fond of penetrating into the out of the way places of the country, and one day he had been walking along a lane for a long time when he came in sight of a cottage.

On reaching the cottage he looked over the gate, and saw an exceedingly pretty and well-tended garden, containing such a profusion of beautiful flowers that he paused to gaze and wonder.

As he was thus occupied a boy came out of the cottage carrying a water-can and commenced to water a bed of flowers, apparently without observing the wayfarer.

He was a boy of perhaps eleven years old with fair curly hair and a healthy skin, wearing a knickerbocker suit and a cap.

What surprised the onlooker, however, was that he was smoking a briar pipe, which he held between his teeth with ease and seemed to be thoroughly enjoying.

The wayfarer decided to speak to him, and coughed twice to make his presence known.

"Good-morning," he said.

"Good-morning," answered the boy, looking round.

"You have a very charming garden here."

"Very!"

"I do not know this locality at all. Can you tell me where this lane leads to?"

"It leads onward," answered the boy.

"That is evident. But to what place, exactly?"

"Death!" answered the boy.

"Come, come!" laughed the man. "That is a dismal remark for a summer's day."

The boy laid down his watering-can and slowly approached the gate.

"Why dismal?" he asked. "Is not the end of all journeys death?"

"True; but that is surely a fact which a boy like you should not dwell upon."

"Why not?" asked the boy simply.

"Well——" The man paused, because after all he did not know why.

"It comforts me to dwell upon it," continued the boy. "One cannot live in a garden without seeing things die every day. That is why I choose to live in one."

It was here that the wayfarer noticed that although the boy's skin was healthy, and he looked so young, his eyes were singularly miserable. For a moment he was uncertain what to say next.

"But equally as many things are born," he ventured.

"Only to die," answered the boy.

"But during their life they are beautiful, and their perfume is sweet, and they give pleasure."

The boy, puffing his pipe, regarded him in silence for a while.

"I agree with you," he said gravely at length. "That is the function they fulfil for others. They give pleasure. But themselves they suffer. This rose tree, you see, has blight on its leaves, though I only sprayed it yesterday, and there are worms at its roots. It will soon die."

"It will live again," returned the man with a hopeful smile. "'Have no fear; the flower will bloom another year'—that is Keats. You must read him when you get a little older; he will cure your pessimism."

"I have read him many times," said the boy. "He is one of the most rare among poets, and therefore ever conscious of the sad beauty of death."

"The sad beauty of death," echoed the man.

"All beauty is sad," rejoined the boy. "Have you not in spring, felt your heart ache at the sight of a green field? I see you have."

The man was disturbed. He felt a return of the pang even as the boy spoke, and a faint, a very faint resentment stirred within him because of it. It was like being reminded that he, too, was bound to die some day.

"At least such a sight gives me happiness," he said.

"The happiness is in the pain," said the boy.

"You are full young to be so pessimistic."

"I am not pessimistic," corrected the boy simply. "To be pessimistic is to see only half of the truth of life, just as to be optimistic is to see only the other half. The perpetually doleful man and the perpetually jolly man are equally tiresome, and equally foolish. The whole of the truth of life is to see that all that is living is at the same time dying."

"Well, what is the good of remembering that?" demanded the man. "It certainly doesn't cheer one up."

"It is wisdom."

"If that is wisdom, I would prefer to remain in a state of blissful ignorance."

"You would not. Many are fools, but few are content to believe themselves fools."

"Well, I don't know!" exclaimed the man, laughing suddenly at the incongruity of being instructed by a boy.

"You are right, you don't know," agreed the boy gravely. "If you are in no hurry to continue your journey, come inside and I will tell you."

"After your sinister reminder of what the end of the journey is, I shall naturally welcome a delay," smiled the man. "Frankly, you interest me."

"I shall be glad of your society for a time," said the boy courteously. "Shall we sit out here on the lawn?"

"Yes," said the man. "Shall I make another confession and say that you mystify me, mystify me exceedingly?"

"I will explain in a moment," said the boy.

He clapped his hands and an elderly woman appeared, neatly attired in black.

"Bring a table and glasses," he ordered. "What do you care to drink?" he asked his guest. "I have a barrel of beer—spirits and wines—or home-made lemonade if you like it better."

"Beer will be excellent, thank you," answered the man with a suspicion of banter.

He said no more until they were seated. Then he asked: "Do you live here alone!"

"Except for my housekeeper. What do you smoke? A pipe? Try this mixture?"

The man accepted the pe... afraid to meet his compa... eye in case he should give ... to a senseless laugh. He fel... such an impulse strongly.

"You are bewildered," said the boy.

"I can't make up my mind whether this is fairyland or a dream."

"It is a departure from the ordinary—so either description applies. If I tel... history, you will respect the confidence?"

"Absolutely!"

"I am an orphan. My mother w... talented authoress. She died in this cottage two years ago. She was the victim of a wasting disease, and thus faced the reality of death a considerable time before it came. It was during that period that she did her best work. This was because she had come to understand the whole of the truth of life."

"I begin to see," said the man.

"She learned that life was best lived with a knowledge of the nearness of death. It made minutes precious and ability to work a gift with sacredness in it. She was not affrighted. She was calm—with the conception of eternity. She was not overwhelmed with anxiety to do much in the little time left to her, knowing that a day is as long as eternity and eternity only a day. She understood that one thing achieved is better than many things anticipated. She was, in a word, humble in heart.

"And she passed on her knowledge to me. 'One of the most beautiful facts,' she said, 'was that though death was inevitable, life was everlasting.' It saddened her that foolishness was inherited as well as wisdom, but she had an unshakeable belief that wisdom would triumph ere the days of man were done.

"I am a love child. I do not know who my father was. I do not want to know. All men are my father or my brother—or, better said, my kin. And God is the father of all.

"I am eleven years old now. I was ... when we first talked intelligently together. I was five when she first began to instruct me. You look surprised. Must I tell you that the way of understanding is by the heart and not by the brain? I read many books, but always she conducted me through their dark pages with the lamp of love burning, and many ugly things we missed on the way.

"Hers was the literature of life, and books troubled us that were not instinct with that. The Greeks had it, the Hebrews had it, the Orientals have it to this day. Literature is merely the reiteration of old truths, known in the soul of man from the beginning. Children know them. They need no special education. They require no unusual chapter. Why you find me a trifle bewildering is that I am conscious of knowing. So many are not conscious. They forget. Wisdom is not discovery, but remembrance. Ignorance, therefore, is only forgetfulness—or wilful unheeding.

"There are no new things under the sun. But the old ones are good. And they ... unto eternity.

"Dwell on the greatness of them. They are all expressed by big simple words—Birth, Life, and Death, Love and War, Life and Death. Single syllable words, understandable by all. The ploughman or the prelate—each has the inheritance of wisdom. To be inarticulate is not to be stupid, nor is eloquence necessarily sincere. A tree has a gnarled trunk and in the number and shape of its branches differs from another tree. But both are trees and grow upward to the sun and are beautiful.

"I have said enough. I have been in this world only a little while. My dear wise mother gave words to the understanding naturally mine. 'Wisdom increaseth sorrow,' said Solomon, and who shall dispute it.

life blood of beauty emanates from the
of suffering, and the beauty of a field,
you yourself know, is only comprehended
pain.

What am I going to do? I am always
Meditation is not idleness. I shall
books, or paint, or go out into the
to do work that the world provides.
told to go at the right time. The
may be uncongenial and bring me no
—or—worse for impatience to bear—I
it will bring to none any reward.
payments are made out of human
the Good God pays all debts. I
you for your company. . . ."
stood up.
dignify the commonplace," he said.
smiled for the first time.
that it should be necessary!" he
"If we will let it, the commonplace
ify us. . . . Fill your pipe be-
. It is a great aid to medita-
long found it so."

LOOKING FOR A JOB.

ago, when the present writer was
an appointment on the staff of a big
paper, he had to interview a very
and austere member of the firm that
it. But the scribe was not then so
wise as he is now; and he went in
a cigar. And for a long while
ds he wondered why he did not get

of the most important things to re-
in looking for a job is that an em-
generally judges by his first impression.
es not give you a chance of righting
ad one. So find out what type of man he
fers beforehand; and then act the part as
you are able.

TARTAN TIPS.

artan is not, as many people suppose, a
aelic word. It is probably derived from
French *tirelaine* (linsey-woolsey). In
lic the tartan is "breacan." Just when
tartan was first worn by the Highland
ans is not clear.
There is some mention of it in Gaelic
les of the fourteenth century, but all that is
rtain is that the clan tartans were generally
rn throughout the Highlands in 1587, for in
at year Hector Maclean, heir of Duart, was
anted certain lands in Islay, and the feu
y was made payable in sixty ells of the
rt tartan.
After the '45, the clan system practically
ame to an end and an iniquitous Act was
assed forbidding the wearing of Highland
ress. The result was that at least 20,000
disgusted Highlanders emigrated to Canada,
va Scotia in particular, and other distant
.

ginally the tartan was worn only by
e living within the Highland Boundary,
ich ran from the extreme north down to
thesay by way of Perth and Stirling and
cluded the north-eastern counties of Caith-
ss, Aberdeen, Kincardine, and Forfar.
Later such Border tribes and ruffians as
he Douglas, Johnston, Lindsay, and Dundas
sumed their own tartans, but they have never
counted as true Highland clans.
Many of the clans have as many as four
tartans—namely, the Clan Tartan, worn by all
mbers of the clan; the Chief's Tartan,
rn only by the Chief and his heir; the
ss Tartan, for social occasions; and the
Tartan. In the old days tartans
coloured with native, home-made dyes.
, among other shrubs, trees, plants, and
the alder tree bark gave black; the
, mixed with alum, blue; the bracken
; the dandelion magenta; broom,
yellow; white lichen, crimson and red; and
, purple,

THE INFECTION OF SPORT

WHAT A MAN MAY BECOME BY WATCHING IT.

Look at it as long as one may, there is no getting away from the fact that the sportsman is, in every case of genuine enthusiasm, the victim, the fortunate victim, of a downright disease. He is in the hands of an all-powerful lust that gains a stronger hand over him the longer he indulges.

How and when most sportsmen become infected and thoroughly inoculated with the sporting virus it is difficult to say. In many cases a man is born with it in his blood. The blood of his father gave it to him, and only opportunity was needed to bring out what was bred in the bone.

To-day, however, when generations of town-dwelling have somewhat thinned and cooled the wild blood of the sportsman, it is not always that a man takes naturally to sport without some direct external stimulus.

The outside influence is as often as not to be found in watching sport and sportsmen.

THE OLD CRAVING.

Now there have been outcries innumerable about our sport-watching proclivities. It has been declared that England—old England—is on the down grade because her sons like to stand round a football field, or lounge about a cricket field, or gather at the ringside. The croakers declare that we have "lost the breed of noble lords" like Rome, and that it is only a matter of a year or so before we shall be ruled by the iron hand of German tax-gatherers.

To blazes with all these! There can be no possible doubt that this watching of sport on the part of the Englishman is in a very great measure the secret of England's strength.

The fact that crowds stand round a field and cheer does not of itself give muscle and stamina, and sinew and bone, and general physical and mental grit; but it is indirectly one of the best recruiting agencies to the ranks of the sportsman.

A CROWD'S KEENNESS.

For, consider for a moment what is going on in the minds of nine out of ten men gathered round a sporting event.

In the first place they must be keen on the sport, or they would not be there. They are also very keen on every act in the contest, for they repeatedly express themselves loudly and emphatically about the play.

These two facts alone argue an intense interest in sport.

It is, then, but a step between watching a game and taking part in it. I defy any man whose body is fit and whose mind is sane to watch any sport without experiencing a very keen desire to go and do as the players are doing.

The man watching a race sets his face hard and almost feels his feet padding along in sympathy with the runner. The man beside a boxing ring follows counter and cross-counter, blow and parry, with his muscles as much as with his eyes. The man watching the bowler puts his own arm as it were into the other man's shoulder socket and thinks how he would do it.

THE BIRTH OF THE IDEA.

And in doing these things men are irresistibly led to "go in" for sport on their own account. The time comes when they, too, feel that it would be the height of enjoyment to be stripped and free to run or wrestle or fight, or indulge in any of the strength- and stamina-testing sports.

He thinks, perhaps, of the luscious wine of praise from the spectators, and he yearns to emulate every fine piece of sporting work that he sees done by others.

And away he goes and joins a club, and equips himself for sport.

The wise sportsman will not choose his sport in a hurry. Probably he will be thrilled by any sport that is worth watching, but it would be wrong and unwise to suppose that because he felt this stirring of his blood he would as a matter of course do well at it himself.

MAKING A CHOICE.

He will be well advised to see as much sport of all kinds as possible before he falls a victim to the allurements of any of them.

Let him see one good example of all the sports to which he feels drawn, and let him do his best to test his own fitness for each sport before he makes up his mind.

By careful comparisons of the requirements of different sports and by examining his own physical characteristics and aptitude for any special branch, together with careful decision as to which he feels most drawn towards, he will seldom go wrong in his choice of a sport or sports.

There is, of course, no earthly reason why a man should not excel, or at least prove quite proficient, in several sports.

Let such a man beware, however, of doing too much watching. He may become so fascinated that he degenerates into a mere onlooker. Such men are doubtless numerous at every sporting event, but the majority have in them the makings of good sportsmen.

It is not so much the lack of will to take up sport as the lack of opportunity that so often keeps men from making the most of their physical equipment.

J. G. HAYWARD.

SAVE MONEY

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MAKE MONEY

by selling the things you no longer require by means of an advertisement on that page. It need not cost you more than a shilling.

OUT FOR GROUSE.

SOME HINTS TO MEN WHO ARE GOING ON THE MOORS FOR THE FIRST TIME.

To the average man, whose income is limited, grouse-shooting has only one meaning —"over dogs." The more modern method of driving does not concern him. He is content to leave the increased excitement and the undoubtedly ampler results of driving to those who can afford it; and trudges happily after his dogs day after day.

As in every other branch of sport, the best grouse-shot was a duffer once; and it is presumable that a great many of our readers will be taking out a gun this year for the first time. And perhaps they may secretly be feeling a little bit nervous lest their inexperience should be too gallingly apparent.

So here are a few hints which may help some men who are not yet adept to make a not unsatisfactory show against much more experienced guns.

Suppose your dogs are steady and well handled. The day is pleasantly breezy, and there is a good scent. Now, imagine yourself alongside a much more skilled shot than yourself. In the ordinary way, if he waives the generally recognised etiquette of shooting—namely, politeness and fair-play towards beginners—he may make so much use of his superiority as to bag practically every bird that gets up in front of you. Try and prevent him, as far as possible, from doing this.

First of all, study the wind carefully, for it is this that tells the old hand where the birds are likely to be lying.

Suppose that the ground you are beating is the long flank of a hill, and that the wind, such as it is, blows straight across it. Your best plan will be to begin at the bottom and work across, backwards and forwards, until you have beaten the entire face of the rising ground. In this way you will drive all the birds forward and up, so that they will mostly find their way on to some stretch of lower ground further off, and thus give you your best bit of sport during the late afternoon and early evening.

Working the ground in this fashion, the birds will clearly be up-wind of—that is, above—the dog. So that immediately you see him point, walk in a slant to the ground *above* him. A novice would probably walk straight to the dog, and thus lose his chance of a good shot.

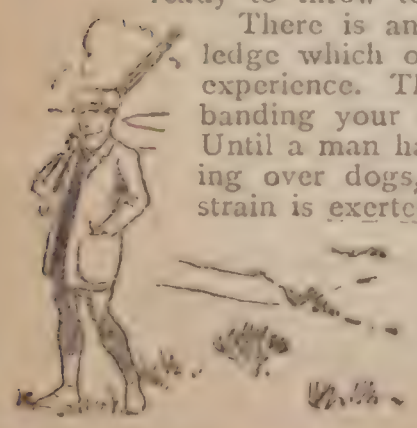
Moreover, watch your dog with the greatest care, for each of his many varieties of action tells a different story to the man who knows.

For instance, if he stops very suddenly in his run, and turns his head back slightly, runs on again, and stops a second time, appearing undecided, he is in all probability above, or up-wind of the birds. So your game is to go as straight as you can to the spot where he first pointed.

If, however, he points very steadily and confidently, go, fairly slowly, a little up-wind of him; and if you see him draw ahead very keenly, make all the haste after him you can, slanting your course in a measure, so as to keep slightly above him.

Another thing to remember is that when a bird gets up it must always do so with its breast up-wind; and this moment, when he is just turning to go down the wind, is the most deadly of all.

So that you must always have your gun ready to throw to your shoulder in a flash.



There is another little piece of knowledge which only comes with fairly long experience. This is the necessity of husbanding your strength and your "wind." Until a man has done a hard day's shooting over dogs, he cannot realise what a strain is exerted on his natural stamina.

C. BAYFORD.

MY NOTEBOOK.

FAILURE OF THE TERRITORIAL ARMY.

The annual training of the various Territorial units is now over and done with, and the comments made upon the Territorial Force, even by those papers which have been its most ardent supporters, are by no means favourable.

In the Force itself, I am sorry to say, there are the gravest misgivings as to the possibility of its being carried on for more than two years longer at the outside.

The whole matter was dealt with not very long ago in this paper, and my contributor then pointed out that the success of the Territorial Force had never been a thing desired by the authorities.

Unfortunately, those in power, so far as our national military matters are concerned, are, for the most part, Army or ex-Army men.

Being Regulars, they can never overcome their prejudice regarding what they consider to be amateur military work. They would like conscription to become law, but conscription is a thing that our country at the present time would not accept.

CONSCRIPTION.

Everybody admits that enforced military training for, say, a period of twelve months, would be an excellent thing for the young and growing manhood of our country—in fact there are many whom I know personally who would welcome enforced military service, as under the present conditions they have been rejected from the Territorial Force owing to trivial defects of eyesight or hearing.

In spite of what it would do for the physique of the nation, however, a system of conscription would not be tolerated, because if conscription became law, many of our largest business houses would go into bankruptcy, for they depend upon the services of a large number of young men who, being skilled, could not be replaced; deprived of them, the businesses concerned could not be continued.

It is that which explains our national opposition to conscription. You sometimes hear it said that the Briton would not submit to being forced to become a soldier, but I do not think that that is any real argument, for most of our young men are keen to wear his Majesty's uniform.

A MILITARY INTRIGUE.

Conscription would not be welcomed by the country at large, because of its detrimental effect on business, and any Bill attempting to make it law would mean the defeat of the Government introducing it. The War Office authorities are, therefore, doing their utmost to convince the nation that the Territorial scheme—(the best absolutely voluntary system that has yet been conceived—is hopelessly inadequate for the defence of the country. They want to convince not only us, but also our politicians, that, the Territorial scheme being useless, the only alternative is to introduce conscription.

These professional soldiers are hopelessly inadequate and hopelessly unintelligent when they tackle matters outside their own particular province.

Their argument and their purpose breaks down, because it is obvious to anyone who considers the matter that the Territorial Force has never been given a fair chance. They cannot prove it to be inadequate until they have given it an opportunity to show its worth, and that opportunity they have never bestowed upon it.

From its very inception the Territorial Force has been hampered by lack of funds. Who is responsible for the shortage? Undoubtedly it is those who drew up the scheme and in whose hands its welfare rests. Money is essential, and by curtailing the supplies of money, the failure of the scheme, as it at present stands, has been made inevitable.

To bring the matter down to a business footing, the action of the authorities has been very much like that of a foolish mercer who might send out his office-boy to buy a typewriter, supply him with sixpence for the purpose, and then upbraid him for not having fulfilled his mission.

Funds not being forthcoming, it has been impossible for the various mounted corps to have their men trained as they ought to be.

From my own personal knowledge I could tell you of many makeshifts that have had to be adopted by different Territorial units, some mounted units not having sufficient funds for the supply of horses, have been obliged to put down as mounted drills drills which took place in the open as opposed to the drill-hall.

LACK OF CONSIDERATION FOR THE MEN.

Into the failure of the Territorial Force under present conditions there enters another element, and that is a lack of consideration by those in authority for the civilian needs of the material of which the Force consists.

I have in mind the case of a man who attended last camp with me and who thought his job to do so. He had been with his employer only for a fortnight, and he was refused permission to attend camp. He was keen on the work, however, and without hesitation he resigned his job, trusting to be able to get another when camp was over.

That is the kind of enthusiasm that one will find amongst the men, but it receives little credit and no consideration from those in whose hands lie their military destinies.

The internal business of the Force is carried on in a most unbusinesslike manner.

Here is a case which was recently brought to my notice by a reader. A man sent in his postcard, naming the time during which he would be able to attend camp. According to the dates given, he was to finish up on the Monday. Shortly after sending that postcard to headquarters, he discovered that his employer required his attendance at business at nine o'clock sharp on the Monday morning, and it was therefore essential for him to leave with those who were returning on the Sunday afternoon.

He wrote to the adjutant of his regiment explaining that he would not be able to remain at camp after the Sunday, and respectfully requested the favour of a reply as to whether he would be permitted to leave on the Sunday afternoon. To his letter, although he wrote to the adjutant several weeks before camp, he received no reply.

An ordinary business man would have replied to that letter, either consenting to or refusing the request made in it, but the adjutant of the regiment concerned took no notice of it whatsoever. He neglected it because he considered that a man who happened to be in the Territorials had no right whatever to have any calls upon his time other than those made by the military authorities.

It may sound ridiculous to make such sweeping statements, but this lack of consideration is to be found in the majority of Territorial units, and it is one of the reasons why, under present conditions, the movement is so rapidly crumbling to decay.

THE TERRITORIAL'S RIGHTS.

The Territorial who offers his services in the defence of his country is keen on military work, but he is also conscious that some consideration is due to his particular position and its difficulties.

He is a soldier for so many days

but he is a civilian, and earning a living during the remainder. His pay is not for handling, and he gives his services for the money he gets, but for the sheer of the thing. Surely he is right, there- in expecting a little consideration for the of his civilian calling. But he does not it.

Another thing that is preventing recruiting and that is ensuring the resignation of the jority of those at present in the Territorial as soon as their period of agreement es to an end, is the wholly unnecessary ps to which so many units are put g manœuvres.

notable case was that of a certain ion in the Second London Division. g a sham fight, there were actually r cent. of the men sound asleep. They been working and marching for two ys on end, and, when they lay down to fire, ce-quarters of them dropped upon their s and lay as if they were dead.

The case was dealt with in several of the newspapers, and slighting comments were made by military experts as to the physique stamina of the battalion concerned. In opinion the slighting comments should ve been reserved for those who exposed em to such unnecessary hardship.

In time of war a man will march till the kin is blistered off his feet and will work as as he can keep his eyes open, because believes that what he is doing is necessary, during Territorial manœuvres he knows extreme hardships of this kind are not cessary, and he resents having to undergo

THE ISLE OF MAN MUTINY.

The mutiny in the West Riding Brigade during their period of camp in the Isle of Man, when over fifty of them refused to go r owing to the pouring rain and the ex- they had already undergone, is an ted case.

There are comparatively few Territorials to feel sufficient resentment against the con- ions of their service to break into open y, but there are many who make up their d that they will resign at the first oppor- nity, and they carry back with them an inion and an influence that does not tend to ing in further recruits.

THE MEN RESPONSIBLE.

The Territorial Force, as it is at present being managed, is ad- mitted by all military men to be a sheer fiasco. The fault lies the men in its ranks, nor with its but with the way in which the autho- rities manage it, and with the men into whose hands they delegate their power.

Many readers know, when the success of the Territorial movement, so far as recruiting was concerned, was still in the balance, I threw all the weight of this paper into the scale, with the result that many hundreds of readers joined. It is for their sakes, and because it was I who induced them to do so, that I resent the methods that are being employed in dealing with the Territorial Force. When Territorials have operated along with regular troops, they have, time and again, proved that their physique and staying power are superior to those of many of their Re- gular comrades. They are keen on their work, and they learn it with remarkable speed. It is not, therefore, with the men in the Territorial Force that the fault lies, but with those who, hidden behind the walls of the War Office, are deliberately engineering the downfall. These wire-pullers can be re- formed only by the stirring up of public opinion; let us hope that public opinion will make itself heard before it is too late.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

Sporting Stories

THE NEEDFUL.

"I suppose that one of the things that make the game so difficult is the quantity of medical literature there is nowadays," said the visitor who was sympathising with the young doctor with no practice. "Here, for instance, is a book telling one 'How to save life while waiting for the doctor.'"

"Hm," said young Sawbones. "What I want is a book to tell the doctor how to save life while waiting for the patient."

STICKING TO IT.

Mr. Barry Pain, the well-known novelist, is as good a hand at an after-dinner speech as he is at writing a story.

A little time ago he was dining with a number of artists, and rose to say something worthy of the occasion.

"Gentlemen," he began, "being present at a gathering in which art is so largely represented I feel it incumbent upon me to say a few words concerning the subject of painting. Speaking personally, my only efforts in that direction were on an occasion when I enamelled our bath. My friends said to me, 'My dear fellow, it's no good your going in for painting unless you're prepared to stick to your work.'

"Well," concluded Mr. Pain, "I *did* stick to it."

A CHERISHED ILLUSION SHATTERED.

"Ah," soliloquised the old farmer, red-faced and bluff-featured, "Lunnon isn't the place it was."

"Why, how's that?" asked the driver of the Strand omnibus, who was having the benefit of his confidences.

"Well," replied the aged bucolic mournfully, "I've been here a whole week and nobody's tried the confidence trick on me, or tried to grab my watch, an' I've had my right change given back every bloomin' time. Seems to me one might as well stay at home."

NOT A VERY CLEAR IMPRESSION.

"Well, Gertrude," said her mistress to the new maid from the country, who had just returned from a visit to the dentist, "how did you get on? Was it as bad as you thought?"

"I don't know, mum."

"Don't know? Well, what did the dentist do to you?"

"First of all, mum, he put me in a chair."

"Yes, of course, and what did he do to you next?"

"I couldn't tell you for sure," said the blushing Gertrude. "You see, I had gas."

WHY?—

WITH REASONS.

Why do tailors call their guinea "off-the peggers" "holiday" suits?

Because, like holidays, they get shorter every day—if it's wet.

* * *

Why is the stage to have a new recruit in Mr. Hall Caine?

Because he thinks he is entirely Abel.

* * *

Why was the Lanark flying meeting a failure?

Because it wasn't held in Skye.

* * *

Why did Surrey beat Middlesex at home?

Because they naturally insisted on being lords at the Oval.

* * *

Why did Sir Frederick Banbury oppose the White Slave Traffic Bill?

Because we don't quite know.

* * *

Why should men officiate at launching ceremonies rather than women?

Because the sterner sex is so much better at cracking a bottle.

* * *

Why do so many men tell girls that they cannot live without them?

Because they are thinking of the lady's money.

C. SCOTT.

Smashed your Pipe?

If you have broken your pipe—the pipe—the one that is just your weight, bring it along to us. No matter how bad the break, we'll even put it right again.—**A. CHARATON & CO.**, 3, Craven House, Kingsway, W.C.

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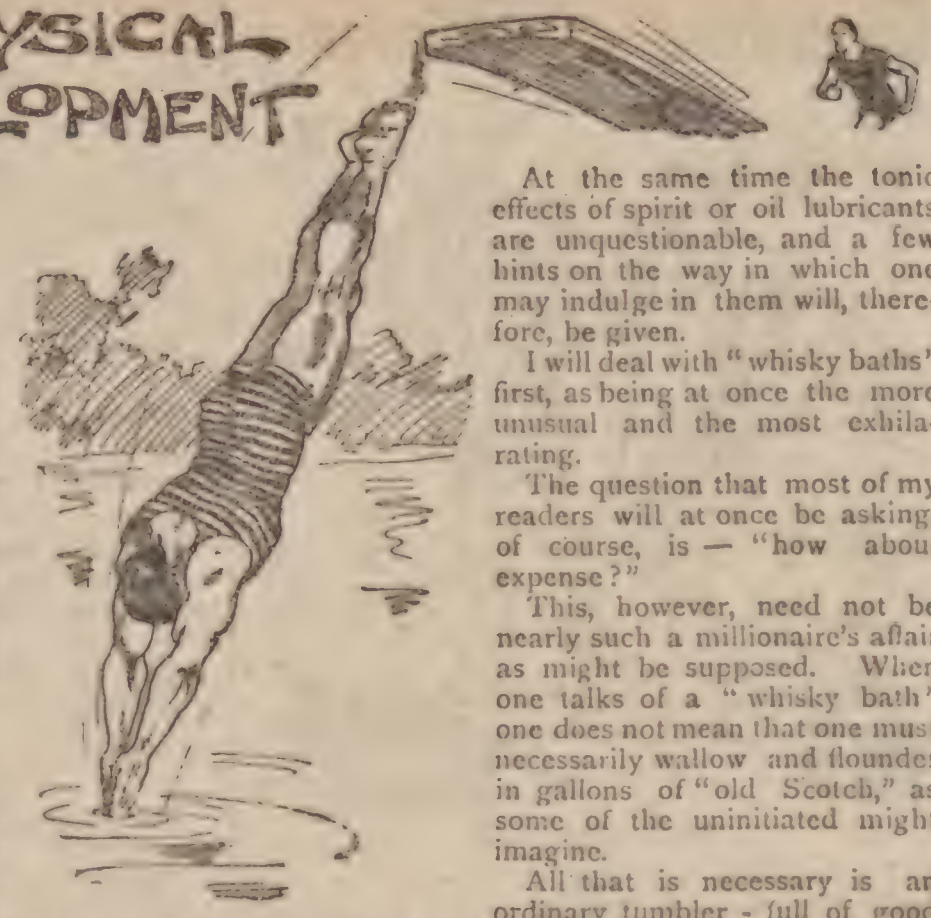
RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT



A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

THE HOLIDAY REACTION.

A word at this season may not be out of place on a matter which affects us all more or less. I refer to the "slack feeling" after the holidays.

Do what we will, and try as we may, most of us have to confess to the inevitable feeling of reaction after the holidays, a feeling affecting us both physically and mentally.

Is there a remedy?

After a good deal of consideration I have come to the conclusion that the best thing to do is to take matters quietly. Don't begin your work, after the holiday fever has left you with all sorts of wild resolutions which you will find it a burden to live up to. Just go about your ordinary work, doing it as well as you can, without striving to do it better, and taking things as they come.

By and by fresh interests will open up before you. Seize them, and put all the energy in them of which you are capable. Little by little you will feel all the old vim coming back again. And then, it may be a couple of months after you have settled down to the monotony of life, you will realise that your holiday did do some good for you, after all.

SELF-MASSAGE.

A simple massage exercise, which is extremely useful for keeping the muscles of the upper arm in condition, is that illustrated in the sketch.

Twist the arm slowly while rubbing it.

Stand erect in any easy position and bring the right hand across the body until the fingers rest on the back of the arm above the triceps.

Then proceed to massage the triceps muscle, pressing considerably harder on the upward movements towards the heart than on the downward movements.

At the same time, in order that the whole of the triceps may profit by the massage, rotate the wrist gently, turning the thumb round towards the body and back again.

Let the whole arm turn from the shoulder downwards.

While the massaging is going on, contract and relax the muscles alternately at regular intervals.

This latter point is most important if the full benefit is to be derived from the exercise.

Then treat the right arm in the same way.

The massage should take place after other exercise has been indulged in, and a most suitable time to perform it is immediately after the bath.

FANCY BATHS.

I have been asked several times during the last three weeks to give my opinion with regard to what one of my correspondents thinks fit to call "fancy baths." By this I understand any variation of the ordinary cold tub or warm bath, such as salt, oatmeal, whisky, oil, or spirit ablutions, and the like.

Now, there is one thing that ought to be understood from the outset—none of these "fancy baths" should ever be used as a substitute for one's regular tub. Whatever happens, the ordinary way of "getting the dirt off" (if I may thus bluntly express it) should never be neglected.

At the same time the tonic effects of spirit or oil lubricants are unquestionable, and a few hints on the way in which one may indulge in them will, therefore, be given.

I will deal with "whisky baths" first, as being at once the more unusual and the most exhilarating.

The question that most of my readers will at once be asking, of course, is — "how about expense?"

This, however, need not be nearly such a millionaire's affair as might be supposed. When one talks of a "whisky bath" one does not mean that one must necessarily wallow and flounder in gallons of "old Scotch," as some of the uninitiated might imagine.

All that is necessary is an ordinary tumbler - full of good neat whisky, a fairly warm room, small close-fibred sponge, and a good emollient soap. Damp the sponge in the whisky, and rub lightly over the body, allowing it to remain wet.

Then, taking the soap, moistened in whisky, rub it to a good lather between the hands, and thoroughly go over the whole surface of the body, using as much friction and massaging pressure as possible.

When this is done the body will soon be in a thorough glow, and the sharp tingling sensation that the application of the whisky induced in the first instance will have given place to an altogether lively sensation of cleanliness. The next stage is to step into an ordinary bath, and have a rapid sponge down in luke-warm water. Immediately afterwards dry quickly with a soft towel, not using too much friction.

With regard to oil and spirit baths, of course the method is much the same. In the case of oil, however, it is not necessary to use an emollient, as the nature of the liquid renders it unnecessary.

One concluding word of caution may be given. Care, of course, must be taken not to overdo matters, and indulge in any kind of "fancy bath" too often. Of even greater importance, however, is the necessity for choosing the proper time in which to benefit by them. The best time of all is the last thing at night, after one has done one's exercises, just before tumbling into bed.

A simpler, but most refreshing form of "fancy bath" may be obtained by adding a little ammonia or eau de cologne to the water of an ordinary hot bath.

IMAGINARY WEIGHT-LIFTING.

More than once I have insisted upon the importance of the two qualities of imagination and smartness in performing one's physical exercises. In the imaginary weight-lifting exercise I now describe they must be called into play to the utmost.

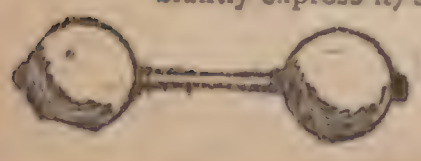
A "snatch" lift.

Stand at attention, and with one hand resting on the knee, bend down as it to pick up an imaginary weight or bar-bell with the other.

Then, with a snatching rapid swing, raise the hand above the head, at the same time sinking down upon the heels.

The simultaneous movements should be quickly made, and, as the hand holding the imaginary weight is raised, the head must be turned so that the eyes follow it.

Next, rise as swiftly as possible and replace the imaginary weight on the floor.



THE CHARMS OF BUMBLE PUPPY.

AN ANTIDOTE TO TOO MUCH SCIENCE IN GAMES.

Although long familiar with the bumble-puppy, I was surprised on looking up for the purposes of this article to find given in my dictionary, and that, I may say, not a slang dictionary either.

According to this authority bumble-puppy is "the game of whist played regardless of rules; the game of nine-holes."

The latter definition is rather puzzling. If it be meant to refer to golf, when only nine holes are played instead of the usual eighteen, then the lexicographer is at fault.

To begin with, there is absolutely no rule in the rules of golf defining the number of holes to be played. Custom has fixed the number at eighteen, but it is merely a custom, and to play on a nine-hole course most certainly does not make you a "bumble-puppy" —a noun which my dictionary seems to refer to the more obvious "bumble-pup."

And apart from that there are nine-hole courses which are infinitely superior as tests of golf to many full-length links.

However, bumble-puppy, as "the game of whist played regardless of the rules," is understandable, and conjures up pleasant visions.

It makes one think of jolly Christmas family parties, when the differences and bickerings inevitable between relatives are forgotten, at least temporarily, and everybody lays himself or herself out to be pleasant.

Bumble-puppy after the mid-day feast, snooze, and afternoon tea is a fine way of filling in the time till you attack the remains of the turkey.

It is played to an accompaniment of laughter and ejaculations. Every lady considers it her inalienable privilege to change her mind after having played to a trick, and revokes don't count, and you unashamedly look at your partner for information.

Other games than cards have their forms of bumble-puppy. The tennis players call it "pat-ball," and I suppose "tip-and-run" is a sort of cricketing bumble-puppy, though the latter is really good sport.

Personally, I think that we want more of the spirit of bumble-puppy in our sports and games, or, anyway, that men would derive benefit more by a game of bumble-puppy—that I don't mean whist in this instance—than by taking their recreation in deadly earnest, and making a toil of pleasure.

Mind you, it takes two to play bumble-puppy. Nothing is more annoying, when you are bent on a serious trial of skill, than to find your opponent making, so to speak, a fool of the game.

He, on the other hand, is equally annoyed with you, because you want him to enter into himself and play strictly according to rule when he is only inclined for a lark. Therefore, it is well you shou'd agree beforehand whether you are going to play bumble-puppy or not.

There are plenty of men whom bumble-puppy would do a world of good.

It is, for example, essentially a game for the brain-worker. A man whose brain or nervous force is exhausted should not indulge in strenuous games. True, he is exercising his body, but he is also exercising and tiring his already tired brain, for he has to concentrate his attention on the play, and plan attack and defence.

And for the man physically over-trained bumble-puppy is the best tonic. The man who understands how to train for a big event varies his regular work with plenty of foolery, thus easing the strain.

S. E.

RULES OF AMATEUR BOXING

INTERESTING POINTS THAT EVERY BOXER SHOULD KNOW.

Amateur boxing in this country is conducted under the auspices of the Amateur Boxing Association, of which Mr. J. Douglas is the popular president. The rules under which contests are decided resemble in many respects Queensberry Rules, but differ from them in certain important particulars. For instance, under Queensberry Rules the ring is 24 feet square, but A.B.A. bouts are fought in a ring not less than 12 feet or more than 24 feet square.

Queensberry Rules do not specify the weight of the gloves, though in "endurance contests"—*i.e.*, where the rounds may be any number—it is stipulated that the gloves shall be "fair-sized boxing-gloves of the best and new." Under A.B.A. rules, however, the boxer has to wear 8-oz. "pillows." Curiously, one rather wonders at this fact; for gloves of such a weight have a deadening effect, while their heaviness adds considerably to the force of the blows.

On the other hand, both under Queensberry and A.B.A. laws, contests are limited to three rounds: the first two being 3-minute rounds, the last a 4-minute struggle, with a minute interval between each round.

Should the two judges disagree, the referee has power to order extra rounds of two minutes' duration each, until the two judges, or judge and one judge, agree. This only applies in cases where the judges disagree and the referee is not prepared to give his casting vote in favour of either of them.

"KNOCK-OUTS."

Under National Sporting Club rules, when a man is "down," he must rise within ten seconds or be counted out.

Competitors are sometimes knocked out under A.B.A. rules, but there is no time limit within which a man must rise when sent down.

Law 11 of the A.B.A. rules reads as follows:—"In the event of a competitor being knocked down, his opponent shall retire out of distance, and shall not recommence boxing until ordered to do so by the referee. A man is to be considered down even when he is on one or both feet, if at the same time any other part of his body is touching the ground. The referee shall be empowered to stop a round when in his opinion a man is outclassed or unfit to continue, and that man shall be decided to have lost the bout."

Winning a knock-out or practical knock-out in a contest, of course, is decided on points. According to the rules, "The judges shall record at the end of each of the first two rounds five marks, and at the end of the third round seven marks to the better man, and a lesser number to the other man according to his merits. When the men are equal the maximum number must be given to each." The judges, of course, score independently of each other.

SCORING ON POINTS.

Points are given for direct clean hits with the knuckle part of the glove of either hand. on any part of the front or sides of the head. body above the belt—that is in "attack," for guarding, slipping, ducking, counter-ing or getting away in "defence."

When two men are otherwise equal, the marks should go to the man who does of the leading off or who has the better

The principal official fouls which entail qualification are hitting below the belt—less clearly by accident, for example, when man jumps up to avoid a blow aimed at pit of his stomach, or, in guarding a punch, knocks his opponent's fist

down; hitting with the open glove, the inside or "butt" of the hand, or with the wrist or elbow; hitting a man when he is "down"; holding, butting with the head, shouldering, going down intentionally without receiving a blow, wrestling or "roughing it." At the same time the referee has power to disqualify a man for any act that he considers foul.

COACHING.

Further points of interest are that a competitor may not receive any advice or coaching from his second—he is only allowed one second—while a bout is in progress; he must resume sparring when time is called, or lose the bout; should he draw a bye he must spar the specified time with an opponent approved by the judges and referee.

For championship competitions the weights and classes are as follows: Bantam, not over 8st. 4lb.; feather, not over 9st.; light, not over 10st.; middle, not over 11st. 4lb.; heavy, any weight.

Competitors weigh on the day of the competition in proper boxing costume—*i.e.*, light boots or shoes (without spikes), or socks, knickerbockers, breeches or trousers, and jerseys. When weighing the gloves are *not* worn.

R. C. BALLARD.

A MAN'S NIGHT OUT.

A well-known comedian is at present singing in the music-halls a ditty with a chorus, the burden of which is that it "is his night out to-night." And there is nothing that does a man more good than an occasional night out.

There is such a monotonous sameness in the lives of many temporary strugglers in the business world nowadays that a periodical departure from it is absolutely essential both to bodily health and efficiency of mind.

But in the matter of this same "night out," most men are wont to make several mistakes.

In the first place, they seldom arrange beforehand what they are going to do, and so sally forth to enjoy themselves just as fancy may prompt them; and it generally prompts them to expend all their available money on useless things.

A music-hall is a very good place to go to; but it is a good plan to look at the bills of the various houses before buying a ticket; otherwise you may find yourself gazing sadly at a series of turns that bore you, and this will send you home depressed rather than otherwise by your outing.

It is a good plan also to avoid having "nights out" with any other man from your office. He may be jealous of you, and on the watch for any little indiscretion of yours out of which he will be able to make capital,

WITH THE CYCLING TERRIERS.

Soon after I took to cycling I joined a club, and for a long time my chief recreation consisted of evening and week-end runs with other members. These soon made me fit, and then I became inspired with the idea of combining pleasure with patriotism, and I joined one of the Cyclist Battalions of the Territorial Army. Last year was my first camp. I went under canvas for the training enthusiastically, and on the whole I thoroughly enjoyed it and came through it well. I learnt a good deal, however, that I did not know before, and I determined to put the knowledge I had gained to good use, with the result that this year's camp, from which I have just returned, was about twice as enjoyable as last year's, and I am more enthusiastic than ever.

The most important thing I learnt in my first camp was that no matter how capable a man may be, he is unable to do himself justice and serve his country with the utmost advantage unless he has a first-class mount. When I say a first-class mount I not only mean a well-built bicycle; I mean a bicycle that is in every way adapted to the arduous work it is called upon to do under a cycling Terrier.

As a club cyclist I had got hold of the idea that the ideal bicycle is a fixed-wheel, single-speed machine, and it was thus mounted that I went to camp last year. The result of my experience is that whether for club runs or Territorial work, I have discarded the fixed-wheel, single-speed machine for ever.

This year I went to camp mounted on a three-speed Golden Sunbeam, and henceforth this is the machine I shall ride, for all purposes.

Camp was held at the end of July and the beginning of August, and the hardest part of the work was done in the latter half of the time, when England seemed temporarily to have forgotten her latitude and strayed down into the tropical zone. In the sweltering heat of the August sun, dozens of my comrades plugged up hills, sweating like the proverbial bull, looking as uncomfortable as it is possible to be, and feeling it, too. I know, because I went through it myself last year, when I was mounted as they, on a fixed-wheel, single-speed machine. Yet this year, in spite of the sweltering sun, in spite of gradients galore, in spite of the hundred extra rounds of ammunition I was carrying (taken from two single-speed machine riders who had fallen out) I was able to get through in comfort and comparative coolness, with about half the exertion the other fellows were putting into it. I was one of the few fellows in my Company who did not have to dismount once on account of a hill during the whole training. It was not that I am abnormally strong on hill climbing, for I am certainly not, but that is just the beauty of the Sunbeam Three-Speed Gear—it enables a man who is by no means strong to overcome hills that a stronger man would find insurmountable.

It was not only on hills that I had an advantage, the ease of running on the level was simply grand, due to the little oil-bath in my gear case.

My Golden Sunbeam was the envy of my Company for another reason. While other men were slogging away cleaning their machines from dust and mud, and burnishing away the rust left by the heavy night dew, I was sitting smoking my pipe. I had cleaned my machine in about two minutes with a damp sponge. It was a Golden Sunbeam with the all-black finish, and was ready for inspection by the O.C. at practically any minute.

I have just heard that a number of my comrades have sent to John Marston, Ltd., at the Golden Sunbeam Works, Wolverhampton, for catalogues. I will wager that next year they will be found mounted, like myself, on Golden Sunbeams with the all-black finish.

The Great Opportunity.

Some people never see opportunities. Others are always on the watch for them. The result is that one man wonders why he doesn't succeed while another man turns every opportunity that he can see to his own advantage.

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BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.

MISLED BY MONEY.

I make no apology for dealing with the much-discussed [illegible] between employer and employed. I know they have been thrashed out again and again from both sides, but the problem is so intimately bound up with business [illegible] and with the making [illegible], that it cannot be too often examined.

Among the thousands of [illegible] is that this subject bristles with, one of the most difficult to grasp is that the master's interest is really and indeed the employee's interest, if he could only see it.

It is hard for many an employee to recognise the essential point of this matter. Too often he is misled by the money consideration, and loses sight of the broader, economic point of view which is the base of the whole question.

It is hard for him to see the question in its proper economic light, for one reason because his money comes to him in a little envelope every Friday or Saturday.

He comes to rely on this, and the very regularity of its appearance relieves him of the necessity for looking into all those balancing considerations with which an employer must incessantly wrestle before he can really be sure that the business he is engaged in is going well or ill.

None of these considerations are forced, in this obvious way, upon the employee, and so he is content to look no farther back into the business [illegible] than the cashier's office, or his own pay envelope at the end of the week.

Again, the comparative insignificance of his salary is often misleading, and gives him a wrong notion of the basic principles of business.

Entering the counting-house, he may see £100, or £200, or £500, lying before the cashier. This is the weekly wages money, perhaps.

The employee, seeing all this, not unnaturally thinks that out of all that heap he will get—Perhaps a mere two pounds.

Straightway he feels that between those piles of gold which his employer possesses, and his own two pounds, there can be no sort of interdependent interest.

He forgets that all this money is owing to him for services already rendered.

The fact is, that most employees who get angry at the apparent unfairness with which they are treated in the matter of salary allow their desires to get the better of their judgment. We are all human, and we all see our own little point of view the clearest as it affects ourselves.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the employee has a sort of resentment when he thinks of the share of the firm's money that he can call his own.

He is entirely and utterly wrong in this view.

The firm was established without him; it could run without him; he has always been at liberty to set up a business of his own; he agrees to do certain work for certain wages.

It is an economic question, not a matter of sovereigns, and if he will recognise this he will see that his work and his pay are all settled not only for him, but for his employer also, by the relentless laws of finance that work without considering employer or employed.

If the employer made millions daily it would not entitle the employee to a larger share of the profits than his mere two pounds if the economic value of the labour he contributed did not warrant an increase in his pay.

G. W. Wood.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—Editor.)

MORE ABOUT AMERICANS.

As most markets on the London Stock Exchange seem to sympathise nowadays with "Yankees," I am glad to see the American Market in a very much healthier and more promising condition from a "bull" point of view, and, as the stocks are practically all held by the big Wall Street bankers and financiers, I don't think there will be much more talk about unsatisfactory crops.

On the contrary, one can now safely predict that the next Crop Report issued will be an excellent one, which will pave the way for the Autumn boom, when the big operators will unload their surplus stocks bought at the bottom.

I still recommend a speculative purchase of Rock Island Common shares at anything under $35, and Steel Preferred shares at $120 are a cheap and sound investment.

Now that the "turn" has come in the Yankee market most dividend-paying shares are worth investment, and speculators who are satisfied with a small profit on each transaction ought to do very well on the "bull" tack between now and the end of October.

RUBBER FALLS FLAT.

At the time of writing there is only one flat market in the "House," and that is rubber, the shares of companies connected with this commodity having fallen in sympathy with the raw article and on rumours of difficulties among speculators in the East.

Mexican Railway Stocks keep firm, and very little buying would send prices much higher.

South African shares have been a vigorous and strong market for the last few days, and there is every appearance of this rise continuing, especially in Rhodesians, as the weak "bulls" have been cleared out by the big fall which has taken place during the last few months.

Rhodesian Copper shares, which I first recommended in this column when the price was 7s. 6d., are already 2s. higher—a very nice return in so short a time—and they are, I think, still cheap.

Harmony Proprietary have not yet moved, but their time will come, and the long-promised boom in South Africans seems to have arrived at last.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

B. N. (Newton).—I strongly advise you to have nothing to do with the company you enquire about.

W. S. W. (Carlisle).—I do not advise investing in the rubber shares you mention. The shares are for special settlement and could only be sold at a discount.

L. F. J. (Marple).—There is not much likelihood of a call on these shares being made for some time to come.

The Financial Editor.

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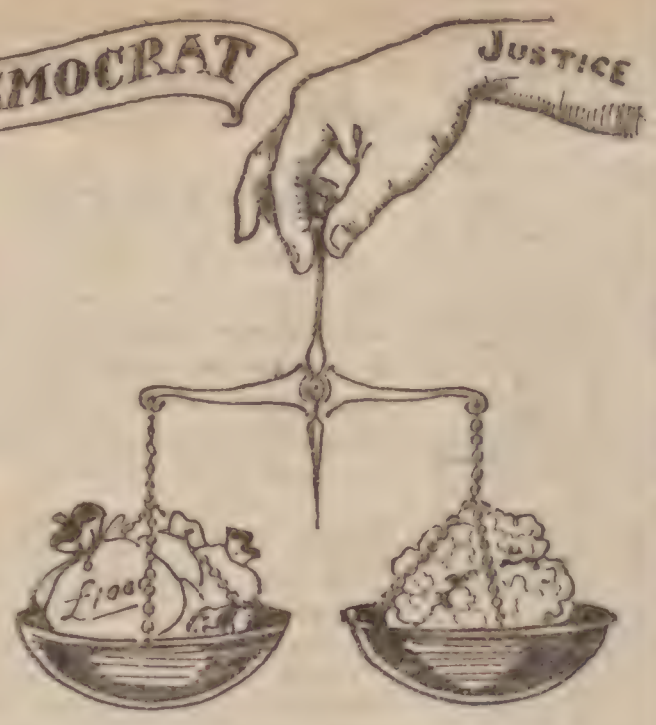


A FORECAST.

By G. FORSDYKE.

"The only aristocracy that can possibly exist, with any real pretensions to power, in, say, 2,000 A.D., is the Aristocracy of Brains."—SOCIALIST ORGAN.

"You'll turn up to-night, old man?" The son of the man, whose part in the social scheme of existence was to own—not to control—the capital of Tomlin's, Limited, swung round in his desk chair.

"Right you are, Tomlin, if there's likely to be any real sport, the same as there used to be in the year 1910, that my grandfather is always talking about. Personally, I'm sick of this pandering to brains, these Surds and Quadratics evenings ——"

"Fun? My dear chap, the firm's annual dance is noted for it. The clerks and the operatives have got some real Venuses for relations, and, between you and me and the proverbial gatepost, most of our girls can reverse on a threepenny bit. Look at the practice they get. The alleged aristocracy ——"

"The *old* Aristocracy," his friend Parry corrected, haughtily. He was connected with a crowd of people who knew the name and occupation of their great-great-grandfathers.

"Well, the *old* Aristocracy—get their feet in, as you might say, about twice a year at the 'fashionable' balls."

"Dress clothes?" Mr. Parry queried, making a stand for the old order.

"Dress Grandmothers!" the Junior Partner returned genially. "Really, you're most out of date, Parry. You don't want a uniform to fit each occasion in these days. Er—the usual order is blue or black suit, red tie, and a pair of white dancing gloves."

"Right; I won't forget the gloves. Ta-ta!"

"Good-bye. Cotton gloves, Parry!"

"Right."

The door closed behind the aristocratic Mr. Parry, and Tomlin returned to his sphere of usefulness at the desk, whistling.

He pressed a bell. A brusque young man entered, bearing several ledgers under his arm. He had a high, shiny, blue-veined forehead that marked the superlatively mathematical descendant of a race of men bred, as carefully as the abolished racehorses, to supply accurate calculating machines.

"The books," said he. "You will find everything correct."

The Junior Partner not answering for some seconds, he occupied his spare time mentally bisecting the angles of the office Persian carpet.

The Junior Partner looked up fearsomely.

"It—it seems all right," he said. Then, attempting a smile, "You're qualified in simple addition, I think?"

"I wasted no time on deceased English kings at school," answered the Secretary, reservedly.

The Junior Partner (of the Capitalised Class) frequently made most irrelevant observations, and often wanted reducing to his own particular fraction. However, as the Unions found Tomlin's Limited amenable to their almost reasonable proposals, he preserved some vestige of the old authority on sufferance.

"You're something like a doctor, you know, Mr. Rainham," said the Junior Partner. "Does our annual dance continue to please the works?"

"Entirely. We rather pride ourselves on being old-fashioned. There is a lecture on 'Fats and Oils' to-night at the Town Hall by the Government General Knowledge Department, but, in spite of that, quite sixty per cent. of our people are missing it to attend the dance. The operatives who have materially assisted to raise the firm to its present plane of eminence in the commercial world are broad-minded, Mr. Tomlin, broad-minded. A lot of the females continue to attend the Dancing Halls in the Amusement and Recreation Time, leading, I believe, to a fair proficiency in—er—the pedal describing of elliptical——"

"In the Terpsichorean art?"

"That is a term unintelligible to mathematical minds, Mr. Tomlin," said Rainham.

"H—m! Well, it's hard for the old-style-educated Jack-of-all-trades brain to—do the Algebraic Act. Work letters into a mathematical deduction, Mr. Rainham."

"Yes. I follow you there. By the way, I want another ticket."

"Certainly, Rainham. Here we are, refreshments included. Not your fiancée, Rainham? Remember—that women are multiplying factors. They reduce men to Common Denominators."

"She comes from London," said the Secretary, disregarding the Junior Partner's effort.

"That's all right, Rainham. Ever noticed whether she's good-looking?"

"In Family C.," said Rainham significantly. "Of course—beautiful. Good-night."

Something fluttered from his pocket as he left the room. The Junior Partner picked it up. It was the photograph of a girl.

"By George!" the Junior Partner said. "Family C. are bred for good looks, and—well, she's a credit to Family C.!"

At the dance that night the girl of the photograph was the belle of the ball. Tomlin and his friend Parry vied with each other in their rivalry for her, while the brilliant secretary of the company wasted quite three dances gnashing his teeth in the background.

"I always knew," Tomlin confided to Parry, "that one day I should meet a girl who did not bow to the aristocracy of brains represented by our friend Rainham. Now, come along, heads or tails for the supper dance. For once the middle class of intellect has got a show."

* * * * * * *

Watching these things from afar off, Mr. Secretary Rainham decided at last to bow to the dictates of present-day convention and trust to luck and Mr. Bernard Shaw. With this idea uppermost in his brain he slid across the ballroom in the approved fashion, having previously commandeered a cup of coffee and an ice from the refreshment department. Conscious of the foolishness that the brain of one of the finest mathematicians in the North-country was about to descend to, he approached Miss Mary Tomlin, sister of the Junior Partner of the firm.

"Isn't the floor lovely," said he. "I know. I sat on it in the first set of lancers."

Miss Tomlin laughed, gratified that Mr. Secretary Rainham should see fit to joke with her.

Rainham further descended to courtesy popular at the beginning of the twentieth century, asking whether she would extend to him the "favour" of the supper dance.

(Further blushes from Miss Tomlin, who was only too conscious that her factory was of little use without the brains that kept it running.)

That supper dance was eventful, for Mr. T... sat it out with the girl of the photo... Miss Tomlin sat it out also with Mr. Sec... Rainham.

As was said next morning to Tomlin senior, ... became "old fashioned" in his observations ... the two engagements in his family, it was "... to think of the sturdy blood and brains that wo... be infused into the future partners—of a rea... rated Tomlin's, Limited."

SALUTARY SOLITUDE.

Probably every man feels, now and th... a desire to be quite alone. He may be ... most sociable soul in the world as a ge... rule, but there are moments when he wa... to be away even from his closest frien... He wants to think.

There are things that every man keeps t... himself, not by any means necessarily ... creditable things, but things which the typi... Briton will not share with anybody. Some... times he wants to cogitate over these thing... —and it is then that he requires solitude.

The company of his best friend is at so... moments unwelcome.

So that if ever you think that your ... friend is morose, out-of-sorts, leave h... alone a while. Though he may say n... he will think the more of you for doing...

ANCHORS.

There are five kinds of ship's anchor... bower anchor is the heaviest anchor carried ... ship. As indicated by its name, it is carried ... the bow, and is used for mooring the ship.

Then there is the stream anchor, rather s... than the bower. It is carried in the stern, ... mostly used in narrow, running rivers.

The kedge is a light anchor, usually car... amidships, and it is used for hauling or warpi... ship from one part of the harbour to another ... ropes attached to the kedge anchor.

Then there is the sheet anchor, for emergencie... It is usually similar to the bower.

Finally, there is the sea anchor, made of ... boat-gratings, sails—anything that will float. ... sea anchor is made fast to a line, and lowe... over the stern, with the object of keeping a ... head to the sea or current.

As to the parts of an anchor, the "shank" ... the middle piece. The "arms" are two o... projections at the bottom of the shank, f... hooks. It is one of these hooks which sink... and takes hold of the ground.

The "flukes" are the broad, triangular p... at the end of the arms, while the "bill" is t... extreme point of the arms and flukes.

The "stock" is the cross-piece at the top of the ... shank, and, being much larger than the arms, ... has the effect of always canting the anchor ... one fluke down.

The cable is secured to the ring, which in t... is attached to the upper part of the shank.

Chain cable is 100 fathoms, or 600ft. long, and ... is divided into 8 lengths each 12½ fathoms long.

THE SNOB'S RELIGION.

Though most of us try to forget it ... as possible, there are many undesirable p... in the world called snobs. They have a sor... of religion of their own—certain petty ... points to which they pin their faith.

"Where do you live?" "who's ... father?" "what do you consider a suit... price to give for a lounge suit?" "would ... smoke a pipe in the street?" and such ques... tions as these would concern them deeply; ... and a wrong answer to any one of the... would be sufficient to preclude a man ... their desirable acquaintance.

The snob is a sociological misfortune ... two reasons. He is both objectionable ... utterly worthless.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

RICHARD SELBY, THE UNSCRUPULOUS

BY ADAM STEIN.

"Now where the ce is Maxley's cheque?" mused Richard, after ening the morning's letters.

"What's that?" inquired Graill from his desk.

Maxley, Hutch, and Grosvenor, they invari- pay accounts on Friday. To-day's Saturday, there's nothing from them."

"How's that, I wonder. There's a biggish sum

's invoice was eight hundred pounds we want it. Over two-thirds of it is to Frank Orton, and he'll be in for his ney to-day sure as I'm living."

Richard relit his pipe and puffed in a thought- silence.

"Perhaps the cheque will come second post," gested Graill.

"Perhaps. But that's the devil of it; it *is* haps."

"Shall I ring 'em up?"

"You'd better. We'll wait for the next post, ugh. I don't want to reveal I'm in need of it ess it's necessary. People are chary of rusting big orders to firms who lead a hand-to- th existence, such as we have to live nowa- s."

It's been a worrying business, this contract." it has gone all right so far." Richard turned friend with a suspicion of grimness in his ner. "When I took that order from Maxley's, biggest shipbuilders on the Tyne, I intended ould be all right. I hadn't got the capital or plant to execute it, but the town of Moulden said I set Mouiden to do it. Nearly five sand pounds it came to. Well, more than has been delivered, one line one week, one another, and I've paid the chainmakers in seven days of despatch, as I said I would. so I shall continue till it's finished. But"— hard's grimness increased—"but to do it I've o handle Maxley's money first. The condi- ere they should settle each week's invoice Friday. I relied on it; and I've never them anything else but reliable."

"It seems plain sailing enough," put in Graill. "You don't take many long journeys without a returned Richard; and he gave a short "Especially in a light ballasted vessel."

"But you're not anticipating a squall now, are

"I have thought all along that if this matter through without one we shall be lucky."

"Dick, it seems to me you're getting super- s," said Graill.

"Call it that if you like," said Richard, "I call belief that the best things don't come easy. old you before we sha'n't make a fortune out s order; we don't pocket more than five ed by it; but it will be no end of benefit to estige. That's why I want the thing com- without a hitch; that's why I'm wary of the hint of one. The absence of this cheque may be merely a trifle. We shall know at irty whether it is or it isn't. If it doesn't I've got Frank Orton to see, and explana- are fishy things."

"It would be a simple matter to get an over- from the bank," Graill intimated.

"Yes, time," said Richard. "My balance is and they'd want to nose into every detail of curity. That security is not so absolute at they'd want a higher rate of interest than ual for the risk. Then what becomes of my "

"You don't agree that the security isn't absolute," raill.

"I tell you," said Richard. "Don't imagine e bank manager isn't aware how tricky the rade is. Within three weeks from now I ving two thousand pounds' worth of chain ed to my order. There are three lots. A one from Orton (that has to go on Mon- d he won't part unless he's satisfied to- e's a cautious little cuss!); a lot from Brad- law, and another from Stevens. Well, if by any chance one of those lots failed, in Maxley's opinion, to come up to standard, they might bung the stuff back and refuse to settle till it was improved. Then I should be fairly in the cart."

"You're remembering a pile of dangers all at once," said Graill.

"I never forget 'em," said Richard, who had been perfectly calm throughout. "The right word is contingencies. You asked for information, and you've got it."

"I hadn't thought as deeply as that," confessed Graill. "There seems no end of hidden rocks about."

"We must dodge 'em," said Richard. "Well . . . past nine o'clock. I'm going into the works; you can attend to these letters."

"What if Orton calls before the second post comes?" asked Graill uneasily.

"I'll talk to him," said Richard.

Ninety minutes later Graill came out to him, looking glum.

"Nothing," he said.

"Then ring 'em up," said Richard, without ceasing his work at the forge, "and let me know when you're through."

An hour passed. Richard laid down his hammer and entered the office.

"Not on yet?" he asked.

"The girl's doing her best," answered Graill. "It always takes a devil of a time to get on to Newcastle, and of course to-day it would be worse than ever."

Richard nodded, and turned as the outer door opened.

"Morning, Frank," he said casually.

"Mornin', Richard."

Mr. Frank Orton looked round inquisitively, and closed the door behind him. He was a small, sharp-featured, elderly man, with a permanently discontented expression, wearing the dingy black which his pietistic temperament naturally preferred. His hobby was his chapel, and his secret comfort the surety of hell-fire for others. He spoke always—and sang—in a high-pitched querulous voice.

"What can I do for you?" asked Richard, pleasantly.

"There's this here little account——" Mr. Orton, who referred to all debts as little accounts, pulled a paper from his pocket, carefully unfolded it, and handed it over, "—if it's quite convenient to you, Richard."

"Sorry it isn't," said Richard, promptly.

"Not?" Mr. Orton opened his mouth a little. "But look here——"

"I'd oblige you willingly if I could," said Richard.

"Oblige me! I'm not asking a favour; I only ask what's due."

"'Tisn't due," said Richard. "Due Monday, Frank. That was the day you sent the goods off. I'll pay you then."

"But the terms *was*——" complained Mr. Orton.

"Seven days," concluded Richard. "You go back and look at the order; you'll see I'm right."

"That ain't what I understood," persisted Orton. "It's the rule to square little accounts at the end of the week."

"The end of the week *following* that of delivery, if you want to be precise," Richard informed him. "According to that you're not entitled to your money till next Saturday. But I consented to seven days, so that's good enough for me."

"It's a pretty line to take up," complained Orton, becoming irritated because Richard's statements put him in the wrong.

"I might ha' been put in a hole through this."

"Well, you couldn't have blamed me," said Richard. "If you were hard up you should have let me know in time."

"*I'm* not hard-up," retorted Mr. Orton, whose pride of prosperity was notorious. "It's more likely *you* are."

"I pay my way to time," said Richard, with significant quiet.

There was a pause.

"I'll come again on Monday," snapped Mr. Orton.

"Righto," said Richard. "Three in the afternoon I'll expect you. Is the second lot finished? Monday's the last day for sending off, you know."

"I haven't forgotten," said Mr. Orton, more snappily than before.

Graill grimaced when they were alone again.

"He'd love an opportunity to score off you," he said.

"Wouldn't he?" agreed Richard. "But I'll see he doesn't have the chance. There goes the telephone."

Three minutes of buzzing and clicking and he got connected. Then ensued a period of profitless shouting to convince the tiny distant voice that "Yes, he *was* there." Then silence, more buzzing, and at length the decisive intimation, "Time's up."

With heartfelt fluent utterance Richard damned the telephone and everything connected with it, using every variation of the same meaning that he could think of.

Then, relieved, he added, crisply,

"You must go to Newcastle to-morrow, call at Maxley's at nine sharp on Monday morning, get the cheque, and catch the nine-fifty back, arriving here at two-ten. If, as is probable, some fool of an office-boy has misdirected the letter, get another cheque and tell them to stop payment of the first. It's just as probable they've overlooked sending it altogether. The goods *must* be right, or we should have heard by now. Besides, I inspected them myself. . . ."

He strode to the door.

"You had thought of all this when you fixed Orton's appointment for three o'clock," said Graill.

"Yes—why?" asked Richard, pausing at the door.

"Nothing," said Graill.

II.

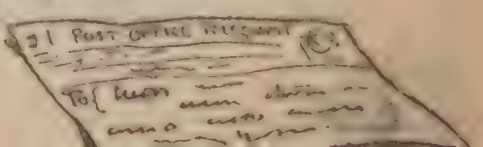
Richard read the telegram again with a curious intentness of expression. He was faced with a predicament which to many a man would not have constituted a predicament at all.

The message stated: "Cheque merely overlooked. Maxley, however, won't be here to sign it till eleven. Cannot get back much before six. Graill."

Richard looked up a time-table.

"Six," he reflected. "That means I can't pay Orton before those goods ought to be sent away. They ought to be collected at five, and on rails at latest by seven, if they're to leave to-night. Question is, will he keep them back till the first lot's squared? . . . Yes—if I let him. . . . "A post-dated cheque? . . . Same result.

"Date the cheque to-day? . . . It wouldn't



come through to my bank till to-morrow, or possibly Wednesday; and there would be plenty to meet it then. . . . Why not? . . . Yes, but that would amount to my putting a cheque into circulation which, *the day it was written*, was not valid."

"My lord," said Richard aloud, "What little tempting devil has sneaked into me? . . . I must find another way."

He sat for a few minutes longer, thinking, then abruptly stood up. He had made up his mind.

Mr. Frank Orton was prompt in keeping his appointment. He opened and shut the door with his usual finicking care, and stood looking at Richard, who was busily writing at his desk.

"Find a chair, Frank," said the latter over his shoulder. "I can't leave this job for a minute or two."

The minutes extended to five, to ten, to fifteen. Mr. Orton coughed, to remind Richard of his presence.

"Sha'n't be long," said Richard.

Another interval.

Presently Richard asked, in an abstracted voice, "Those goods gone off?"

"I've ordered the drays for four o'clock," answered Mr. Orton. "But first of all"—his hand went towards his pocket—"there's this little account."

"Why first?" inquired Richard.

"Well——"

A pause.

"Aren't you going to let the stuff go till it's paid?"

His casual tone deceived Mr. Orton into a candour he seldom indulged in.

"That's the idea," he affirmed, with satisfaction.

"So, if I disappointed you——"

This time Richard paused, but he still went on writing.

"I should go back and stop 'em."

"Then if you don't go back, the stuff will go off all right?"

"Yes."

Richard laid down his pen and swivelled his chair round. For several moments he watched Mr. Orton with detached interest.

"I don't like your idea so much as my own," he said.

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Orton, with an uncomfortable feeling that he had been trapped into admissions he had not intended to make.

"I mean that I want to be sure that the second lot has been despatched before I pay for the first."

Mr. Orton stared, then his manner became obstinate.

"I can't agree to that," he said.

"If you won't trust me, why should I trust you?" said Richard unconcernedly.

"You owe me a big sum of money."

"I am aware of it."

"Six hundred and thirty-four pounds."

"You are responsible to me for a similar value in goods."

"The goods are ready to go off."

"So is my money ready—when they've gone."

"Look here," complained Mr. Orton, "I intend to have my own way. I'm not going to be bullied by you. I want my money."

"You shall have it," said Richard, slowly getting to his feet, "when the other part of the bargain is fulfilled."

"Mr. Orton also stood up.

"That stuff don't leave my place till I'm paid," he reiterated, stubbornly.

"And you don't leave this place till it has," said Richard coolly.

"Eh? What?" Mr. Orton quivered with astonishment. "Won't I?" he cried, and he made a sudden movement towards the door.

Richard thrust out his arm, and plucked him back into his chair.

"Sit down," he said. "And sit quiet, otherwise I'll tie you up and gag you. I said I liked my idea better than yours. That ought to be enough to convince you that I am going to carry it out. All you've got to do is to remain still until six o'clock. You can be sensible, and do it voluntarily, or act the fool and force me to make you."

He had not raised his voice, he showed not a trace of haste, but his very calm indicated a determination which no argument would affect.

"You—you coward," spluttered Mr. Orton. "You dare to lay your hands on me."

"Here's a newspaper," said Richard. "That will keep you occupied. I've got some work to do."

He walked over and locked the door, pocketing the key. Mr. Orton had an impulse to shout for help, but resisted it, recollecting what a fool he would look to confess himself prisoned in a competitor's office. Like many little men, he was profoundly conceited. Besides, he looked at Richard's composed face, and at his muscular form, and realised that Richard could tie him into knots if he chose.

"I do no more business with you," he snapped.

"Yes, you will, Frank," returned Richard, reseating himself at his desk. "And you'll understand me better next time."

It was with such occasional exchange of remarks that the subsequent three hours passed, and then Graill returned. He exhibited surprise when Richard unlocked the door; but a wink and a frown prevented him giving utterance to it.

"I was just going out with Orton," Richard observed. "If you're ready, Frank. . . . I'd prefer to come round with you and make sure the matter's all right. I can write the cheque in your office."

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.*—EDITOR.]

A MAN'S DANGER SIGNALS.

You have got home from the office, and after a good dinner are looking forward to a quiet evening with a pipe and a book. So you fumble about in your pocket for your briar, stretch out your hand for the tobacco-jar, and light up happily. You open a book, and begin to read.

Suddenly a sharp pain at the back of one of your eyes pulls you up with unpleasant unexpectedness.

It is simply Nature trying to explain to you that you are working your head, and smoking, too much. After fagging your brain all day at the office, you ought not to read at night, nor smoke as much as you do. Try a walk instead—without a pipe.

If you find your appetite for breakast declining, cut down your consumption of whisky. When you feel a need for a quencher between meals, try beer instead.

Have you ever awakened in the morning with a feeling of weakness or fatigue in the small of the back, where the kidneys are? If you are conscious of this, cut down your late hours.

A TELEPHONE TYPE.

You are probably very busy in your office, hurrying to get some letters written to catch the next post, when a hand is laid heavily on your shoulder. Smith, your pet bore, stands grinning before you.

"Oh, I was just passing your office, old boy," he bleats, "when I remembered some urgent business, so I just popped in to use your 'phone. Don't mind, do you!" Unwillingly, you assent.

Then, to your unutterable disgust, you find that his important business is to ring up a barmaid, to arrange a meeting "under the clock, *you know* where——"; so rising in your wrath, you shoot him out. And you have done well, for he will probably never speak to such a vulgar fellow as you again.

GOOD POSITIONS

can always be found for men with Special Ability. There are hundreds of men with Special Aptitude for a certain class of work who are in positions where that Aptitude has no scope, and is accordingly not appreciated or properly paid for. We want such men. If you are one of them, and can prove that you are capable of filling a Responsible Position, write us to-day—or call.

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JONAHS.

SOME UNFORTUNATES WHO CAN NEVER DO ANYTHING RIGHT.

You are going along a busy city street sun shines and you are feeling fit. smile as you go along. All is well the world. And your feeling of satisfac is not entirely untraceable to the fact that have done well in your own walk of Fortune has favoured you. Your foot firmly planted on the ladder of success you feel the strength within you to go and higher. So the world smiles at you; you smile back as you go along.

Among the hurrying crowd of people you, you suddenly descry a face that back memories. But you cannot re its owner is. He has seen you—and there he goes at top-speed, dodging out of the concourse, so that you may not up to him.

Who is he? You feel mildly irrita because you cannot tell. But at last knowledge comes to you in a flash. wonder why on earth you didn't realise quicker. That man was Robinson. to work with you in old X—'s office.

You feel rather sorry for Robinson. is plain that things have not been going with him. Even in the glimpse that caught of him you were able to observe his face badly needed the attentions of razor; that his suit, though carefully bru was of a venerable age; and that his boo once brown but now stained black, generously endowed with patches.

Obviously, just as things have gone with you, so have they gone badly with Robinson. "Poor old Robinson!" you think remember now that he always was a bit Jonah." And you pass on.

There is perhaps no sadder conception aginable than that of the real Jonah. practically every profession, once a man acquired that reputation, everybody shuns

In the business world this is especially case. "If you don't take care," said a perous employer once to an acquaintance the writer, "You'll not get another job the City again." This was because the in question had the reputation of being Jonah. Everything he touched seemed to wrong. It was not that he was inattentive He was as honest as a Judge of the High Court, and worked as hard as any man. But he was a Jonah, and that was enough damn him.

In the racing world the Jonah has a particularly bad time. This is most notably in the case of the bookmakers' clerks.

If a bookmaker should employ a new clerk and if by some freak of coincidence the early stages of that clerk's engagement should be signalised by a run of bad luck for the employer, it is long odds that the latter will put it down to the clerk. Logic is by no means the strong point of the racing man. So it will often happen that the bookie will find some excuse for getting rid of his luckless employee; and he will have no scruples about informing his brother pencillers of his real reason for doing so. Thus the poor clerk will get the reputation of being a Jonah; and he will have all the trouble in the world to get a job with another bookie.

The late Hermann Vezin, the famous actor, underwent a good many hardships towards the end of his career for this same reason. For some time he was unfortunate enough associated with a series of productions which were all failures, and in the theatrical profession he gained the unenviable title of a Jonah. The result was that he had to "rest" for a painfully long time.

CHARLES SEATON.

BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

A. R. (Aberdeen) writes: "Have read your article on the Civil Service with great interest. To no branch of that deplorable Service do your remarks more fittingly apply than to the Post Office; yet hundreds of so-called Civil Service tutors lure yearly the best of our youth into what is really only a mild form of penal servitude. The Post Office service is rotten to the core with favouritism. Ability counts for nothing—but cringing and crawling to one's superior officers means promotion." Apparently things are none too comfortable in the Aberdeen Post Office. What is the opinion of our other readers employed there?

H. V. B. (New Cross).—About £3 3s. is a fair price to pay for a bull terrier pup, if you want one with a bit of breeding. You can, however, pick up one that will prove an ideal companion for much less. These dogs are generally more intelligent than bull dogs, and they are much more active and willing to accompany you on the longest walks you care to tackle. Be careful in the training of your puppy; the bull terrier is inclined to be pugnacious unless his propensities in this direction are checked at the outset.

H. S. (Penkridge).—If you are not riding your cycle during the winter, sling it up, for it is bad for the tyres to have the weight of the machine resting on them for weeks on end. If you have no place where you can sling it, buy or make a simple wooden cycle stand.

H. M. (Gateshead) wants us to castigate the "Daily Mirror" for printing a photograph of a Persian murderer tied to a gun before being blown from it, and also for devoting so much space to the details of the Crippen case. But he should remember that the ha'penny Press lives on crude sensationalism, and such things simply provide grist to their mill.

G. L. D. (Hollingworth).—We have already dealt fairly exhaustively with the subject of etiquette so far as it concerns men. We have in preparation, however, several articles touching on points that have not already been treated; these will meet your requirements.

S. FEXNER, 37, Selby Road, Leytonstone, wants to meet a reader in his district.

R. C. (Burnley).—A reader who called on us this morning informed us that a sea-life is a capital thing for a chap who is willing to work hard. He asked me to say to my readers that the man who cannot afford to become an apprentice should start before the mast. If he sticks to his work and is cheerful and obliging, the officers will take an interest in him, lend him books, and give him every opportunity to qualify eventually for the bridge. We pass the information on to you because it appears to meet your case.

A. K. (Weaste).—It is better to crease your trousers by putting them in a proper press than by ironing them. You can buy a reliable press for very little.

A NORTH OF ENGLAND READER, whose name for obvious reasons we withhold, writes: "May I ask you to say something on behalf of the downtrodden sub-postmaster? I have an office which cost me nearly £20 to fit up; the department pays nothing of that; and the best and largest room in the house is devoted to the business. There is nothing paid for share of rent, lighting, fire, ink, pens, twine, wax and blotting-paper, all for public use. I am on duty 72 hours a week, and as there must be two in every sub-office, however small, my wife assists me. We receive in wages 2½d. an hour, or 1¼d. each! We are responsible for over £200 in stock and cash. You may wonder why small shopkeepers are so anxious to have a post-office; they enter on it from ignorance of the requirements, risk, and labour, and blind to its poor returns." It was high time for us to speak on behalf of the Government slaves.

J. G. FORMAN, North Scarle, near Newark, Lincolnshire, wants to meet readers in his vicinity, especially those interested in the motor business.

T. R. (Devonport).—Learn ju-jitsu from books by all means, but consolidate your knowledge of the science by a few lessons from a practical teacher, who will correct any faults into which you may unconsciously have fallen.

E. H. B. D. (Chelmsford).—It would hardly be possible to invite all the League members in the South of England to the official opening of THE MODERN MAN Club in Brighton, which ceremony takes place early in September, and which we hope to perform in person. We daresay, however, that all League members visiting the town will be welcomed by the club's officials. We leave it to the enthusiasm of our readers to establish similar clubs throughout the whole country, and to run them on whatever lines they consider best calculated to further good-fellowship and good sportsmanship.

H. H. B. (Chorlton-c-Hardy), **O. G. D.** (London, S.W.), **M. H.** (Salford), **W. J. R.** (Newport), **M. G. K.** (Fulham), **A. B. G.** (Birmingham), **L. S.** (Dublin), **C. E. T.** (Stapleford), **G. B.** (Dunston-on-Tyne), **C. M. D.** (Bramhall), **A. E. H.** (Stockton-on-Tees)—Our best thanks to you.

HARVESTING FOR A HOLIDAY.

The other day a novel form of holiday was suggested by a MODERN MAN reader, writing as one who had tried it. It was in his undergraduate days that he and another like-minded thought they would vary the monotony of the "long vac." by a trip as steerage passengers to Canada to earn their living as harvest hands.

A little misunderstanding with their respective "guv'nors," who had been complaining, not altogether unreasonably, at the way the money had gone, may have caused this praiseworthy ambition to assert their independence. At any rate, they set out.

"My adventures during those six weeks I shall never forget," writes our correspondent. "If the strenuous life had never appealed to us before, it was gratified to the utmost then. Perhaps we did not profit very much from the financial point of view, but for an experience and for making one feel fit I can heartily recommend it to anyone who wants a taste of the 'real thing.'"

Possibly the lapse of time, throwing its glamour over the past, makes him speak so enthusiastically. At the same time, there can be no doubt that such a trip would give anyone a thorough change of scene, air, and *work*. The unfortunate part about it is that the majority of people have not six weeks' holiday in which to make the experiment.

REFRESHING.

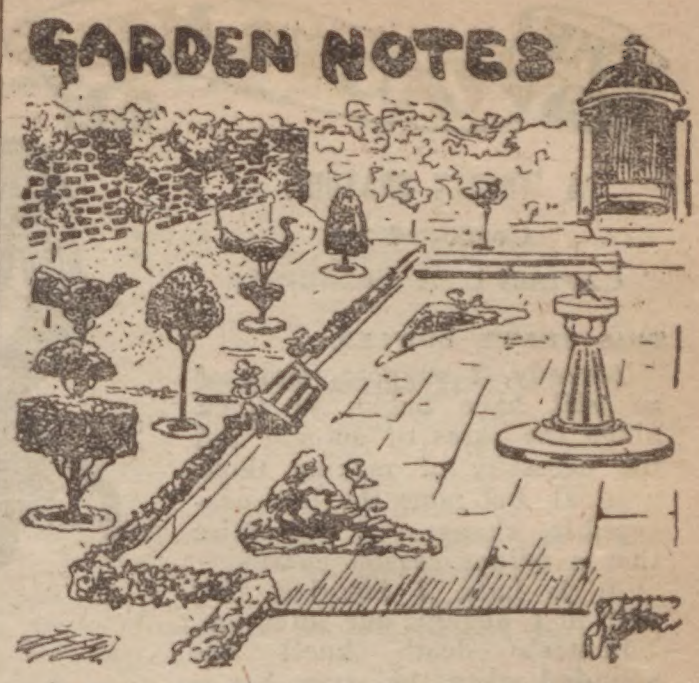
A hint to men in diggings in which they have provided their own furniture:

It so often happens that a man gets rather fed up with the "same old chair," the same old drab draperies, the same tone in a room. Tone has an effect on a man's feelings. It may be, and often is, a monotonous tone, especially in diggings. Here is a hint worth carrying out.

When the heat is unbearable by day and night, it is a great refreshment to a man to have rooms that look cool. The best way to make a room look cool is to provide light, simple, coloured covers for his armchairs and lounges. A handy needlewoman will provide the cretonne (that is the name of the stuff) and will fit and make the two covers, for something less than half a sovereign. For well under a sovereign you can have your lounge or couch covered as well. The pattern you can select yourself. Let it be a light background, say pale blue, with a slight pattern, say of rose colour on it.

Coming into your diggings after a hot and weary day, the sight of these cool attractive covers will give you infinite refreshment. They will look cool and will be cool, and will help you to keep cool.

It is also advisable to spend a little money in purchasing cut flowers occasionally.



August should be a busy month in the kitchen garden for the man who wants to be able to supply himself with vegetables through the winter and spring.

The early crops of potatoes and peas and so on will have been removed and will have made room for other occupants of the ground.

Late broccoli and savoys may still be planted out, and winter spinach should be sown copiously in a sunny place.

Onions also for spring and summer use should be sown this month. Carrots of the "short-horn" varieties may also be sown for the winter.

Lettuce and endive should be sown in beds now for spring use, and transplanted to stand the winter.

Both Cos and cabbage lettuces, however, and curled and Batavian endive if planted at once will give a supply of salad from late October until they begin to suffer from the frosts of winter.

Some may be lifted from the earth before this happens, and placed in frames to be cut later on.

* * *

The flower beds will now be at their fullest, and cuttings should be taken of various plants—especially geraniums, verbenas, heliotropes, and penstemons.

Gladioli and chrysanthemums will now require staking and tying, and dahlias, which should be coming into flower, will require plenty of water and protection from the earwigs by means of the familiar inverted flower-pot on a stick.

* * *

Cuttings that are made at this time should be planted in boxes or pots with a little sand on top and should be stood on a coal ash bed in the sun. The soil should be quite firm in order to ensure a good strong growth.

* * *

In a very short time that beautiful plant the Michaelmas daisy will be in full bloom, and the gardener who has had the forethought to plant some roots will have occasion to be thankful for the touch of colour which it gives to the garden when other plants are beginning to die down.

In order to prevent the "leggy" appearance that the taller kinds of Michaelmas daisy have when they have reached their full stature, it is advisable to "stop" them when they are some eighteen inches high. This will prevent their attaining a height of some five or six feet later on.

All that is required is to pinch off about three or four inches of the tops. The plants will then bloom as well as ever, but will be only about two-thirds of the usual height.

The best way of propagating the Michaelmas daisy is to divide the roots either in the late autumn or the spring. They may also be raised from seed sown in autumn or early spring.

C. B. STAINER.

THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

THIS YEAR'S BOWLER.

Already, I suppose, most of us will have begun to think about the cares of autumn and the necessity of making those gradual, but none the less perceptible, changes in our attire that a colder season entails.

It is hats, I imagine, that will first engage our attention. Summer's death knell has sounded when the straw hat is discarded and the bowler once more reappears in full force.

It is here that the problem comes in. Buying a bowler early in the autumn is a ticklish business. What, exactly, is the difference between those of the coming season and those of six months ago? Is there to be a difference at all?

Now, speaking generally, I have no hesitation in saying that no very radical change will be made. If there is to be a difference, however, it will consist in the fact that this season's are to be slightly larger than they were last year.

The proportions of the brim and the crown will remain the same, but there will be a slight all-round increase of size.

It would be idle, of course, for me to attempt to give the reason of this change. I can only state the facts on the authority of a leading hatter, whose business it is to look ahead and discover what the public is likely to want, and then to persuade them that they *do* want it. Incidentally, also, the fact that our eyes have become accustomed to a softer, wider kind of head-covering during the summer months, may have had some influence in making the new bowler larger.

By his hat, perhaps more than by any other part of his attire, a man proclaims himself to be either in the fashion or out of it; and the hint I have given is worthy of your attention when you make your next purchase.

A USEFUL COLLAR HINT.

A clean collar daily is a luxury that can only be enjoyed at the expense of a considerable increase in the laundry bill. At the same time it is recognised that the wearer of a soiled collar cannot possibly appear smart, no matter how carefully he may otherwise be dressed.

The best way out of the difficulty is to use Lin-Gloss, a washable linen glaze, the use of which enables you to wash an ordinary linen collar every morning with a cold water cloth, and wear it for a month without having recourse to the laundry.

It will give you a collar similar in every way to one made of celluloid, with the single exception that the appearance of the linen is not altered in any way—it is quite impossible to tell a collar has been treated with it.

Lin-Gloss is sold in bottles at 1s., containing a six months' supply. One shilling expended on Lin-Gloss will save over 500 per cent. of the outlay.

Lin-Gloss may be obtained through any chemist, oilman, or stores, but if any difficulty is experienced it will be sent post free on application to the manufacturers, The Lin-Gloss Co., 58, Cheapside, London, E.C.

THE QUESTION OF GLOVES.

Once again let me reiterate my oft-given advice on the necessity of making one's garments suit the time and place. The matter was brought home to me the other day in connection with the question of gloves or no gloves at the seaside.

All things considered, it is obvious to my observant mind that, unless one would run the risk of being taken for a French dancing master or "the respectable young man with a Christian conscience," gloves are *not* the things to wear at a watering-place. They are as much out of their element as a button-hole would be with a hunting kit.

I don't think I could give a better instance of the time and place principle. Gloves, when one is in town and has to wage war against the army of smuts, filth, and carbo-hydrates if one's hands are to be kept moderately clean, are a necessity.

On the "front," however, of even the most exclusive and ultra-fashionable seaside resorts, they are not wanted, and are very conspicuously in the way.

BLACK OR BROWN BOOTS?

Talking of gloves reminds me of the other extremities—boots. It is a striking fact, and one that illustrates again my principle of "time and place," that brown boots are now only worn by the Englishman at definite times and seasons.

The brown boot is still a smart and useful piece of foot-gear, *but*—and it is a big but—it is becoming more and more sternly relegated to the free and easy style of turn out. With flannels, when one is not wearing tennis shoes or cricket boots, and may have occasion to do any amount of clambering about on rough ground, brown boots are obviously the thing.

Of course, there are men who wear black ones even here, and providing they are neat-looking, but not too "lady-like," they do not look amiss. But on the whole, I incline to the browns with such summery attire.

Their great merit is that they keep clean; or, at any rate, look so, under most trying conditions. Any amount of hard knocks, scratches, or dust, leaves them much the same, even if they have not the polish that they had when freshly cleaned.

With all this praise of the natural-coloured leather, however, on occasion when a man would look really smart, say, in quiet-coloured grey tweeds and the ubiquitous straw hat, there is to my mind nothing to equal a pair of well-made "blacks."

MATCH YOUR EYES.

Next to gloves and boots I always place a man's ties among the little accessories that make or mar perfection.

Here, let me give a tip to the unfortunate one who, somehow or other, can never quite manage to hit it off in the matter of coloured ties. Let your eyes be your guide in more than the ordinary sense, and when in doubt choose a tie of the same hue that may happen to be their dominant characteristic.

Of course, this advice as to "eye-matching" may be extended to other articles of attire beside those intended for neck-wear.

In heather-mixture suits, for example, the enlivening tint might very well be chosen always to "go with one's eyes."

A NEW LEASE OF LIFE.

With regard to ties, of course, the first thing is to see that they always maintain some measure of their original freshness. And in this matter it is, let me say, every bit as important that they should "seem fresh" to the wearer as they appear to the onlooker.

A fair amount of change is the best and most economical way of securing this desirable end. Give your old favourites, which may have been used not wisely but too well, a rest from time to time.

It is wonderful what difference will be the result. After being put by for a brief space you will take them up and find them get into service again with quite a "new lease of life."

The same applies to other things as well as to ties.

The suit that seemed shabby a couple of months ago, emerges from its drawer with new-born freshness that once again wins it your favour.

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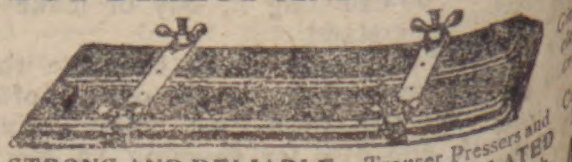

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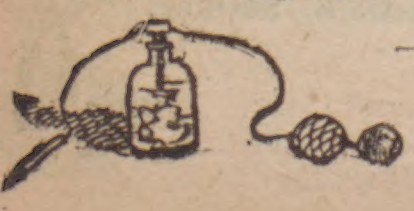

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DRESS.

Wanted, light Harriss tweed Norfolk coat, in good condition; must be cheap.—Box 3360, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Clothe yourself on the Instalment System. Suits cut by experts, prices from 42s., instalments 5s. monthly. Be measured at home. Full particulars, telling how, from the Good Wear Co. (Dept. 35), 6, North Street, Quadrant, Brighton.

Wanted, shooting leggings, brown leather, length 13½in., calf 16½in., ankle 11½in.—Box 3366, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Volunteer sergeant's uniform, complete, perfect condition; what offers?— Box 3367, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Modern anglers say they get absolute value for money by purchasing direct from the makers, Albert Smith and Co., Dominion Works, Redditch, Worcs. Catalogues free, containing everything for fly, sea, bottom, spinning, and casting. Made by expert British labour. Quality guaranteed. Packing and delivery free.

Handsome boxwood croquet set, for four players, full size, standard pattern, never used; price 32s. 6d.; worth double.—Box 3331, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Nice 16ft. sailing boat, sails new, sleeps two; £6.—Box 3332, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Specially selected Army bell tent, pegs, &c., only used month. Cost 38s.; perfect condition, no further use; 28s.—Box 3333, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Sailing boat, 17ft. long, 6ft. beam, raising cabin top, cutter rigged, sleep two.—Box 3334, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's Brampton adjustable roller skates; cost 15s. 6d; practically new; accept 10s. 6d. or offer.—Geo. Bidder, Alexandra Street, Aberavon (Glam.).

Billiard table, by Orme, good condition, size 7ft. 11in. by 4ft. 3in., slate bed, cues, rack, rest, marking board, iron, full set of balls; what offers?—Box 3368, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Bagatelle, folding, mahogany, 8ft. long, 30in. wide, all accessories, indiarubber cushion, suit institute, absolutely faultlesss, £9 9s; take £4 7s. 6d.—Box 3369, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Roller skates, gentleman's King of the Road, size 10's, practically new.—Box 3370, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Golf clubs, driver, brassie, iron, mashie, putter, cleek, niblick, bag, cost 52s., bought last week, never been used, accept 37s. 6d.—Box 3371, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

Two darkroom lamps, M.Q. developers, ensynoids, ozobrome, two sepia toners; 3s. the lot.—Box 3337, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

½-plate Houghton's Duchess camera, Ensign symmetrical lens, time and instantaneous shutter, three-fold ash tripod, four double dark slides, stiff canvas case; cost 90s., will accept 50s.—Box 3372, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MOTORS, CYCLES, AND ACCESSORIES

For Sale. Enfield bicycle, almost new; first-class condition throughout; cost £6 7s. 6d; suit gentleman 5ft. 8in.; approval guaranteed. What cash offer?—Box 3361, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, E.C.

Gentleman's £12 cycle, Clincher tyres, Bowden brakes, Sturmey-Archer, unsoiled, big bargain, £4.—Box 3373, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's cycle, free wheel, frame satchel, accessories; £2, or exchange something useful.—Box 3340, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MUSIC.

Full-sized banjo, in leather case, excellent condition; cost £7 7s., take £2—Box 3374, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

McCann's duet concertina, 46 keys, plated tops, 6-fold morocco leather bellows, mahogany case, good as new, cost £6, tutor; reasonable offers.—Box 3375, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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Sloan-Duployan Shorthand saves a year's study and leads to highest speeds; learned in twelve lessons; interesting handbook free.—Shorthand Association, Grosvenor Road, London, N.

£5 per week earned by advertisement writers; excellent opportunities for ambitious people; prospectus and full particulars post free.—Page-Davis Advertising School (Dept. 38), 9-15, Oxford Street, London, W.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

To Secretaries of Clubs, and others, &c.—Write for particulars of unique agency to Carter's Embrocation Co., Wellington Road, Battersea.

For high grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 22.

For profitable agency, write Clenechave Co., 16, Caldecot Road, London, S.E.

FINANCIAL, &c.

Small lots of good shares for sale—Box 3376, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Shares (50) for sale in limited company earning over 20 per cent. net profit. Full particulars.—Box 3377, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Will gentlewoman lend another £60? Urgent; good interest. Particulars given.—Box 3378, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

British Homes policies for sale. £500 ready for immediate advance; £120 paid, will accept £80.—Box 3379, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

£20 wanted by gentleman, good personal security, no agents, good terms offered.—Box 3380, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Partnership wanted, in established mail order business, or would purchase same.—Box 3381, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

£15 required by gentleman in salaried position, repayment as desired, good interest paid, insurance policy security, &c.—Box 3382, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MEDICAL, &c.

Splendid embrocation, cheap and good; invaluable to clubs where quantity is used. Recipe P.O. 6d.—Miller, 719, High Road, Tottenham, London, N.

Sunburnt men are handsomely attractive (Indian liquid bronze). Genuine. Post free 10d.—Binn, 4, Pitt Lane, Bradford, Yorks.

DOGS.

Fine upstanding pedigree Airedale dog, 3 years, 35s.; reasons for disposal.—Box 3451, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, good-looking fox terrier dog, docked, good worker, broken ferrets, cheap.—Box 3352, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Old English sheep-dog (bobtail), with kennel; what offers?—Box 3383, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Magnificent prize pedigree fox terrier dog, 12 months, beautifully marked, quite a picture, perfectly trained companion, valuable house guard, gem with children, 35s., cheap at £10.—Box 3387, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Splendid Airedale dog pup, 4 months, 8s.; exchange anything useful.—Box 3388, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Are you pestered with weeds? If so, send P.O. 2s. 6d., and I will mail you free my special formula for destroying weeds. No costly material required.—F. C. Longford, 29, Bridge Road, Stratford, E.

Your tobacco or cigarettes free. Send three stamps.—Higgs and Co., 153, Duke Street, Liverpool.

Amusement.—Four unique pocket novelties, 1s.; twelve, assorted, 2s. 6d.—Hyams, 19, Ellis Street, Birmingham.

Gentleman's tie-pin, style unique; sample 10d, post free.—New Art Jewellery Co., 16, Caldecot Road, London, S.E.

Thermos Flask, leather covered, with strap, cost 21s., accept 15s. 6d. or nearest offer; quite new, never been used.—Box 3090, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Back numbers of "Modern Man." What offers?—Box 3304, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

"Clenechave," the most perfect safety razor, complete in case with seven blades; 5s. post free.—Clenechave Safety Razor Co., 16, Caldecot Road, London, S.E.

What offers? Edward I. silver penny, in good preservation.—Box 3355, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.

"MATRIMONIAL CIRCLE."—Great success, conducted on straightforward principles. Golden opportunities to those desiring matrimony; 6d., post free, sealed wrapper.—Editor, 18, Hogarth Road, Earl's Court, S.W.

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PAWNBROKER'S : CLEARANCE : SALE.
Send for List of 1,500 Absolutely Genuine Bargains, Post Free to any Address.
Astounding Value. All Goods on Approval.

12S. 6D.—Field, Race, or Marine Glasses, £4 4s. Binocular, as used in the Army; 10 achromatic lenses; 50 miles' range; shows bullet mark at 1,000 yards; perfect definition; saddler-made case; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

10S. 6D.—Gent.'s heavy 18-carat Gold-cased Keyless Lever Watch, improved patent (John Forrest, London), absolutely perfect timekeeper, 10 years' warranty; together with fashionable curb double Albert, same quality, with Grecian head seal attached. Sacrifice the lot for 10s. 6d., worth 50s. Great bargain. Approval willingly.

10S. 6D.—Organ-tone Melodeon, magnificent 63s. instrument, registered model, 12-fold bellows (metal bound), 40 sets reeds, 4 acting stops, 2 bass chords. Rich, powerful tone, perfect order. Sacrifice, 10s. 6d. Approval willingly.

15S. 6D. (Worth £6 6s.)—Powerful Binocular Field Glasses, 10-lens Magnification Power; brilliant definition; 60 miles' range; great depth of focus; large field of view, adjusted to the highest degree of scientific accuracy, in brown saddler-made sling case. Sacrifice 15s. 6d. Approval.

19S. 6D.—Gent's £4 4s. Fashionable dark brown Tweed Suit, splendid quality, tailor-made, latest West-End cut and finish, never worn, breast 38in., waist 35in., leg 31½in.; great sacrifice, 19s. 6d. Approval willingly.

12S. 6D.—Gent's Fashionable Double Albert, 18ct. gold (stamped) filled, curb pattern; solid links; worth £2 2s.; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

32S. 6D.—Military Binocular (by Lumiere), £8 8s. pair; achromatic; extra powerful; fitted with 12 finest quality crystal lenses and extending sunshades; over 60 miles' range, name of ship can be distinctly read 5 miles from shore; very clear definition; solid leather sling case; sacrifice, 32s. 6d. Approval willingly.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 4), Licensed Pawnbrokers, 284, Brixton Road, London, S.W.

Special "Modern Man" Offer!

Aug. 27.

SEND TO-DAY.

Sandow's Grip Dumb-bells

.... ON ....

FREE TRIAL.

We will send, post paid and free of all costs, to every reader of THE MODERN MAN in Great Britain, who will fill in the coupon below, One Pair of Sandow's world-famous Grip Dumb-bells for **Seven Days' Free Trial.**

With every pair we also send a Booklet of Exercises, showing in detail the way to perform each of the original exercises of the Sandow System, also a Chart showing how many times each exercise should be done daily by the average man or youth, together with hints on how, when, or where to exercise, how to take a cold bath, and other useful information.

This CHART contains One Month's Initiatory Course of Exercises, suitable for the average man or youth, and it has been carefully prepared by Mr. Sandow for presentation and use with every pair of the Grip Dumb-bells.

Everyone who wishes to keep physically fit, and prevent such illnesses as Indigestion, Constipation, Liver Complaint, Insomnia, should immediately take advantage of testing the wonderful results derived from the use of the Dumb-bells.

READ THIS advertisement carefully, and if you decide to test SANDOW'S GRIP DUMB-BELLS, fill in the Order Form below with your name and address.

This done, return to us, and we will despatch, post paid to your door, the Dumb-bells you have selected. Use them FREE OF CHARGE for seven days, and at the end of that time, should you decide upon keeping same, forward a Postal Order for 2s. 6d. as your first payment, and the balance we shall be pleased to accept in monthly payments of 2s. 6d. each, equal to one penny per day.

YOU CAN PUT THREE INCHES ON YOUR CHEST MEASUREMENT and increase all your other muscles in proportion by using the GRIP DUMB-BELLS 15 minutes a day for three months.

If you decide not to keep the Dumb-bells, return them to our address, and NO CHARGE WHATSOEVER WILL BE MADE.

SANDOW'S GRIP DUMB-BELL CO.,
Room 39, Sandow Hall,
Bury Street, London, W.C.

Date.....19.....

Gentlemen,

Please send me by return one pair* of your

Gentlemen's Spring-Grip Dumb-bells at	12s. 6d.	Suitable for age	18 and upwards.
Youth's " " "	10s. 6d.	" " "	14 to 18.
Ladies' " " "	10s. 6d.	" " "	16 upwards.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

* Please cross out sizes not required.